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THE PINKERTON DETECTIVE SERIES



THE CONIACKERS
OR
THE DRIGGS-GUYON GANG
OF

Notorious



Counterfeitors

BY ROLAND RIVERS U.S. SECRET SERVICE

CHICAGO
LAIRD & LEE
PUBLISHERS

*The Pinkerton Detective Series. Entered at Chicago Post Office as Second-Class matter.
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(REGISTERED 1888.)

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TONIC FOR THE STOMACH.

CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

To the detective's astonishment she slipped off her garter and rolled down her stocking.

THE CONIACKERS. Page 108.



“THE CONIACKERS”

OR THE

DRIGGS-GUYON GANG OF

NOTORIOUS COUNTERFEITERS.

BY

RONALD RIVERS,

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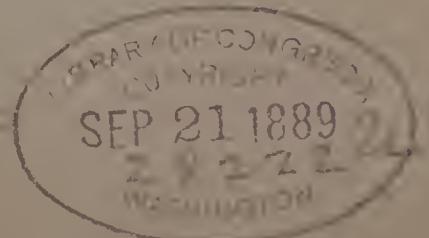
U. S. SECRET SERVICE,

Author of “Blinky Morgan,” “Escaped from Sing Sing,” “Virginia Conroy,” [etc., etc.]

“Truth is Stranger than Fiction.”

The Pinkerton Detective Series. Issued Monthly. By Subscription 3.00 per annum. Vol. 29, July, 1889. Entered at Chicago Postoffice as second-class matter.

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203-205 JACKSON ST. **CHICAGO.**

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LAIRD & LEE, Publishers,
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CHICAGO, ILL.

“THE CONIACKERS.”

CHAPTER I.

UNCLE SAM'S BOYS.

WHO knows them?

A favored few, and, for Uncle Sam's purposes,
the fewer the better.

What is their business?

To protect the commonwealth against frauds on
the revenue, the mails, and the currency.

How do they work?

So secretly, so surely, that the scoundrel who is
engaged in an attempt to rob his Uncle Sam,
seldom knows that he is being watched until he is
“collared” by one of Uncle Sam's boys.

In the spring of 1879 the receiving teller of the
National Bank at Moberly, Mo., received a deposit
of \$350 from Patrick Carmody, proprietor of the
Commercial Hotel of that town. A few minutes
later, the cashier of the bank, needing currency to
make up a large amount with which to discount a
merchant's note, stepped to the receiving teller's
desk and asked for twenty “tens.” They were
counted out, and among them were two ten dollar
notes from the deposit just received.

On counting them over, the cashier paused and threw out these two, which happened to be on the Treasury Department, and a critical examination of them followed.

"Where did you get these 'Webster heads,'" he asked, while a look of perplexity came into his face.

"From Carmody," was the immediate answer, "and I have two or three more of them here. Is there anything wrong about them?"

"Rather! they are bogus, but the very best imitation I have ever seen!"

"The deuce they are!" exclaimed the teller, as he selected the two other ten dollar notes from the pile, and began to examine them.

The most minute inspection failed to show anything "crooked" in the notes under examination, even to the experienced eyes of the teller. "I can't see anything the matter with them," he said at last, "the engraving is perfect, the color is right, and the paper is just the same as these others are printed on. You must have make a mistake, old man."

"Not much," was the answer, "just look at the milled vignetting around the word 'Ten,' and you will find the only flaw in an otherwise perfect counterfeit."

After another critical inspection the teller said:

"You are right, by gum! She is bogus to a certainty. Now, what in thunder are we to do with them?"

"Send for Carmody, and see where he got them," was the sententious advice.

A messenger was dispatched to the Commercial Hotel, and a few minutes afterward the proprietor entered the bank.

"Do you remember from whom you took these tens, Mr. Carmody?" said the cashier.

"I do indeed," replied Pat, "for I got them last night while I was banking a little innocent game of 'poke.' Why, is there anything wrong about them?"

"Bogus, that's all!"

"The devil you say!" exclaimed Carmody, than whom no better, squarer man ever breathed.

"It's a fact," continued the cashier, "and, now, the best thing we can do is to catch the gentleman who is 'shoving' this queer stuff."

"I'm afraid we are too late," said Carmody, shaking his head; "he left on the early train for St. Louis this morning, and the Lord only knows where he is by this time."

The cashier glanced at the clock, and saw that the hands pointed to 2:30. The morning train had arrived in St. Louis hours before.

"What was his name? and what did he look like?" was the next question.

"He registered as Andrew Quinn, and professed to be in the horse business," replied Carmody. "He is about six feet in height, and is very slimly built, with long, bony hands, big feet, and has a slight stoop in the shoulders. I should judge he weighs about 180 pounds."

"What kind of a face has he?"

"He has black eyes, a sallow skin, and bushy black hair."

"Any beard or mustache?"

"Not a hair on his face."

"When did he come here?"

"Yesterday afternoon. He said he had just shipped a car-load of horses to St. Louis, and would follow them this morning. He appeared to be a nice, sociable kind of a fellow, and had a big wad of bills in his inside pocket. He spent his money freely at the bar, and called up all hands several times. In fact, he said he wanted to get acquainted in Moberly because his business would bring him here often."

"Well," said the cashier, "there is no doubt in my mind that he is 'shoving the queer.' I shall have to detain these four notes until their identity can be settled by one of the Treasury officers. Meantime, Mr. Carmody, it would be as well to say nothing about this matter, for you never know what friends a man of that kind has, nor how a warning can be conveyed to him. Did he say when he was coming back?"

"Yes. He said he would be in Moberly again on Tuesday next. Hank Brown has a pair of horses he is after, and, though Hank didn't want to sell, this man Quinn thinks he can get them."

"Very well," returned the cashier, "if, as I suspect, these notes are bad, we will catch him when he returns, provided no hint of this thing gets out."

"I won't say anything to warn him or his pals,"

said Carmody; "I'm hot enough at being beaten out of my money by the scamp."

A short time afterward, secret service officer Wallace Hall, who was at the time in Chicago, received the following dispatch marked "Rush."

"MOBERLY, May 12.

"To Capt. Wallace W. Hall,

"Sub Treasury Dept.,

"Chicago.

"A new and dangerous counterfeit Treasury ten has made its appearance at this point. Deceives even experienced bankers. Full description of shover. Have four of the notes. Wire instructions.

"WM. CRAWFORD,

"Banker."

Late in the afternoon, Cashier Crawford received the following:

CHICAGO, May 12.

"To Wm. Crawford,

"Banker,

"Moberly, Mo.

"Keep matter secret as far as possible. Leave on C. & A. train at eight o'clock. Reach Moberly at one to-morrow.

"W. W. H."

The next afternoon, a quiet-looking, well dressed gentleman jumped off the train at Moberly, and, after handing his valise to the porter, climbed into the Commercial Hotel 'bus.

On his arrival at the hotel, he registered as

"W. W. Howard," and was assigned to room 28, on the parlor floor.

After he had indulged in a wash and a clean shirt, he went to the dining-room.

"Sit down with us," suggested the gentlemanly host, who had received Mr. Howard at the desk a few minutes before.

"Mr. Howard, of Chicago, Mrs. Carmody," he went on, introducing the stranger to a particularly handsome blonde lady, who smiled sweetly in acknowledgment of the polite bow Mr. Howard made.

The meal proceeded, with plenty of entertaining chatter to enliven it, and in course of conversation Howard said:

"I have a draft I want to get cashed. Where is your bank, Mr. Carmody?"

Carmody gave the necessary information, and added:

"You will need some one to identify you. Are you acquainted in Moberly at all?"

"I only know one man here," replied Howard, "but he is a very important man to know just at the present juncture : Mr. Crawford, the cashier."

"Oh, then, you are all right," responded Carmody, with a laugh, "any man who stands in with the cashier is as solid as they make 'em."

After dinner, "Mr. Howard" called on the banker, and, after revealing his true identity, was soon put in possession of all the facts at Crawford's command.

"Do you think you will get them?" asked the banker.

"If I don't, it won't be for want of trying," was the quiet but determined answer.

That evening a full description of Mr. Quinn was telegraphed to headquarters, and thence spread all over the country, as of a man who needed the closest kind of watching.

Several times the officer took those four ten dollar notes out of his pocket-book for the purpose of admiring them.

"Confound it!" he said to himself, "they beat anything ever engraved outside the department. If the fellow has been wise he ought to have \$100,000 in this stuff afloat with a six months' start."

CHAPTER II.

MR. ANDREW QUINN.

AFTER an interview with Carmody, in which he was told about Quinn's admiration for Hank Brown's team, the secret service man strolled leisurely up the street to Brown's place.

That worthy individual was sitting at the door of his barn smoking an old corn-cob pipe, from which he seemed to draw much satisfaction and smoke.

"Howdy?" was the brief salutation of Mr. Hall.

"Day day," responded Hank, lazily, without even taking the pipe out of his mouth.

"I hear you have a fine span of bays you want to sell," pursued the detective.

"Then, you heerd lies," said Hank, as he carefully gauged his distance, and then almost drowned a wretched fly as it crawled up the barn door; "I have a pair o' bays, but I ain't hot to sell 'em."

"You might if you were offered enough money," suggested the detective.

"Well, I might and I mightn't," was the calm response, deliberately drawn between puffs from the corn-cob.

"What figure do you hold them at?" was the next question.

"Hain't set no price on 'em," was the reply, as he sized up his man to see whether he looked like a "sure 'nuff" buyer, or was only actuated by curiosity.

The inspection seemed to be satisfactory, for, knocking the ashes from his pipe, he continued:

"There was a man here from St. Louis last Friday, 'at offered me \$325 for 'em."

"What did you say?"

"Told him to go plumb to h—."

"Let's have a look at the beasts. I am willing to go better than \$325 if they suit me."

"So is the other feller. He's comin' back Tuesday to see if we can't fix up a trade; so I ain't open fer nuthin' but offers at present. I can't sell without givin' him a chance to kinder raise the ante," said Hank, as he slowly and lazily refilled his pipe from a bag of Durham. After a little further persuasion he showed the horses to his supposed cus-

tomer, and a pair of beauties they certainly were, just the very "critters," Hall declared, that he was on the lookout for.

"They are worth every penny of \$400," he said; "and I like them well enough to wait till Tuesday for your man to return, and then see if I can't buy them."

"All right," replied Hank; "I don't give a durn whether I sell 'em or not. Only I passed my say so that Quinn was to have the first chance at 'em, and my word goes."

Tuesday came, and with it tall, lanky Mr. Quinn. When he arrived at Hank's barn he found the other would-be customer waiting for him. Hall's offer of \$400 for the horses was raised by the stranger, who finally bought them for \$430.

"Well, I can't raise that bid, and I guess, if I did, it wouldn't do any good, for you seem bound to get 'em," said the detective.

"That's what," replied Quinn, as he counted out the required amount in crisp, new ten dollar notes.

"They ain't no hard feelin's, I hope," he continued; "and I guess Brown here'll set 'em up; eh, Brown?"

"Seein' it's you," replied Hank, "don't mind ef I do." So together they walked to the Commercial bar, and proceeded to "irrigate the alimentary canal."

"When do you want to take 'em?" asked Hank, after he had swallowed his whisky.

"Right away," answered Quinn; "I'm goin' to

St. Louis this afternoon, where I have a customer waitin' for the horses."

"O K," replied Hank, "you can have 'em any time, seein's they're yourn'."

Within a couple of hours the horses were aboard the train, and Hank had shaken hands with the stranger. As he was leaving the depot, a hand was laid lightly on his shoulder, and, turning, he was somewhat surprised to see the secret service man at his elbows.

"My name is Hall," he said, "not Howard, and I am a Treasury agent. The fellow you have sold your cattle to is a counterfeiter, and every dollar he gave you is bogus."

"Come off," said Hank, with a frightened expression in his eyes. "Your act is bad."

"Nothing of the kind," continued Hall. "I'm giving it to you straight. Now, I want those notes, every one of them."

"This is a bunko game, and I'm too old a hen to be deceived by a chicken," grinned Hank, who believed himself smart enough not to be taken in by a "con." man.

For answer the detective quickly unbuttoned his vest and displayed a Treasury agent's star fastened to his suspenders.

That settled the matter, and Hank reluctantly handed over the counterfeit money, as he asked

"Why the h—— don't you arrest the coniacker? You hain't agoin' to let him git away with my critters are you?"

"That's just what I am going to do. But don't

fret. You will get your horses or their value all right. The government wants this fellow and his pals, and the pals can only be caught by following him. You will be made whole for your horses; so keep your mouth shut."

Hank promised to be circumspect, and, as the train began to move at this moment, the Treasury agent had barely time enough to swing himself onto the rear platform of the last coach.

"Hello!" said Quinn. "You goin' to St. Louis, too?"

"Yes; that's where I live when I'm home."

"Well, set down and be comfortable," said the coniacker; "you might as well enjoy life while you can."

The detective seated himself beside the man he was shadowing, and a conversation on indifferent topics ensued. Hall had a flask of excellent liquor with him, and the pair drank together several times. This loosened Quinn's tongue, and, after feeling his way cautiously for a little while and receiving every encouragement, he said:

"Strikes me there's too much money in the Treasury."

"That's what. I'd just like to get my hands on a good big slice of the boodle — only once."

"Me, too," assented Quinn. "I'd take my stake and git. I don't think it's any harm to rob a robber, and that is just what this gov'ment is — just a robber."

"You just put me onto some safe scheme for

getting ahead of Uncle Sam, and see how quick I'll get there," answered the detective, feeling sure that his companion was about to "give himself away."

Quinn remained silent for several minutes, during which time he studied Hall's face intently. The latter bore the scrutiny well, and looked as innocent of any ulterior motive as a new-born calf.

"I reckon I can trust you," said Quinn, at length; "you look like an honest man, and one that wouldn't get any feller into trouble."

"Well, you bet I wouldn't," said Hall, with his most impressive manner; "I never turned a mean trick in my life, and I never will."

Again Quinn paused a little while to study his companion's face. Then he said:

"Did you ever see any green goods?"

"Never did. I know what you mean, though, and I'd like to get hold of a first-class article. Traveling about the country as I do, I'd get rid of it without any trouble."

"What line are you in?"

"Been in almost everything. I have a nice little property in St. Louis which brings me in about \$110 a month, and I travel for a patent medicine house."

"Well, I have a friend who can get you some tens that have been passed everywhere — banks, Postoffice and all, and have never been questioned. They are great stuff."

"Say, can you get me some of them?"

"I might get my friend to let you have them, if he finds you are all square."

"Square? Why, I've traveled for Doc McLean for three years. You can come up to the store and see me, or ask the doctor about me, if you want."

"I reckon you're all right," said the coniacker, after another pause, "the next time we stop, you come forward with me to the car where my team is, and I'll show you something."

Accordingly, at the next stoppage the detective accompanied Mr. Quinn to the box car, and, as soon as the train started out again, the latter pulled out a roll of bills, and, handing them to Hall, said:

"See if you can pick out the 'queer' ones among these."

Hall took the money, and it was a matter of no little difficulty, even for a man of his vast experience, to distinguish the genuine from the bogus without a most minute examination. He was too wily, however, to let the coniacker see that he could tell the difference; so, selecting three genuine bills and two of the counterfeits, he said:

"Pears to me there isn't a great sight of difference anyhow, but I guess these are the crooked ones."

Quinn smiled, as he replied:

"You're wrong just the same, for only two of those are queer, while the others are genuine Uncle Sam's papers. I tell you that is the greatest stuff ever printed! Say—I've been running 'em off for more than a year—loading National banks with 'em and everything, and they haven't dropped to 'em yet."

"Well, I swan!" exclaimed the innocent Cap-

tain Hall; "I've got to get some of those papers as sure as I live. How much can I get them for?"

"Thirty-three cents on the dollar."

"Say, doesn't that strike you as kind o' high?"

"Not at all—a tenner only costs you \$3.33, and you make \$6.66 the minute you pass it. Of course there is some cheaper goods in the market, but look at the risk in handling them. Now with these you can stand right up at the window in the St. Louis Postoffice and buy stamps."

"If you will do that, and the stuff goes, I'll buy \$6,000 worth of them."

"I'll go you. Where will you meet me at two o'clock to-morrow?"

"I'll be at Bessehl's beer hall from two till three o'clock."

"All right. I'll be on hand."

"You bet you will, and so will I," remarked the Treasury agent under his breath.

As agreed upon, the detective met his coniacking acquaintance the following day. He did not even take the trouble to shadow him the night of their arrival in St. Louis, being certain that \$2,000 was plenty of bait to insure the counterfeiter's keeping his engagement.

He arrived at Bessehl's about three minutes after two o'clock, and found the obliging Mr. Quinn already there.

"So, you have turned up, I see," said that worthy, by way of salutation.

"Bet your life I have," returned Hall. "I'm

not throwing away any chances to make a big stake with scarcely any risk."

"All right," said Quinn, "I guess we'd better get down to business. Now I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'll give you the whole of my pile excepting one of the queer tens. Then we'll go to the Postoffice and you will see me buy ten dollars' worth of stamps with the short green ten. Is that satisfactory?"

"Quite," said Hall, smiling to himself at this shrewd move on the part of the coniacker. His object was to get the spurious money into the other man's possession, so that, if by any chance they should be arrested, the stuff would not be found in his pockets, and he could defend himself by saying that Hall had given him what he believed to be a genuine bill, and told him to buy stamps with it.

So, together they walked along Olive street to the Postoffice, and Hall stood at the counterfeiter's elbow as the money was passed in and the stamps out, in exchange for the bogus bill.

Quinn was not aware of it, but within five minutes that bill had been decorated by having the word COUNTERFEIT cut clear through it.

"Are you satisfied?" asked Quinn, as they walked down the high steps.

"Perfectly," answered Hall. "He took it without a kick. Now, when do I get my stuff?"

"How much do you want?"

"\$2,000 worth — \$6,000 in the green goods."

"I can't get you that much at present; it will

have to be printed. I reckon the best thing will be for you to see my friend, and he will tell you how much he has on hand."

"When can I see him? It must be soon, because I will have to take to the road again at once," said the detective, who had the best of reasons for wishing to get the trick turned as quickly as possible.

"I can bring him to your house to-night if you like," answered Quinn. "Where do you live?"

"At 1531 Washington avenue, but that would not be a good place to meet. It is a boarding-house, and there are too many people about, particularly one fellow whom I suspect of being a Pinkerton operative."

"Then, we don't want to go there — that's certain. Well, where can we meet?"

"Suppose I go to your place," suggested Hall.

"That would hardly do, either. The fact is, we live out of town, my partner and I, and we don't care to have any visitors. No — it must be arranged for some place in town."

"Very well, then, what do you say to taking a room at the Laclede Hotel?"

"That's the scheme. We can transact our business there without any danger of interruption."

"Then, if that suits you, I will go there now and register, and you can call at whatever hour you like. How would nine o'clock to-night do?"

"I reckon that will be all right. But there's one thing, my partner's mighty skeery about handling the goods, and he may not agree to meet you there.

If he kicks, we will send a messenger to you with a note, telling you when and where to meet us."

This arrangement having been made, they separated. As Quinn went away, he turned around suddenly several times to see whether he was being watched or followed. The detective, however, was standing at "Pa" Bessehl's door, apparently lost in thought. At the same time he was watching Mr. Quinn out of the corner of his eye, and saw him walk to Chestnut street, cross the road, come down on the other side, and enter the Court House.

Captain Hall knew what this meant, and in an instant he commenced to walk rapidly to Chestnut street, and thence across to Fourth street. As he expected, just as he arrived at the corner, Mr. Quinn and a peculiar-looking old man came down the rear steps of the Court House, engaged in an apparently very earnest conversation.

The old man appeared to be fully seventy years of age. His form was bent, and his long white hair fluttered in the warm Southern wind. He was dressed in a suit of jeans, and on his head was an old grey sombrero. He walked firmly, however, and over his arm hung the crook of a heavy stick. He had on top boots, into which his pants were carelessly tucked.

"Aha!" said the detective to himself; "so this is the pal is it? I thought my guess was a correct one. The old man is Nelse Driggs, the notorious 'handler,' and the other is no less a personage than Jim Guyon, engraver, forger, electrotyper, and

utterer of false coin. By Jove! Hall, old man, you are in big luck."

You may be sure that he did not let these two beauties out of his sight. He followed them along Chestnut street to Twelfth, and thence to the Union Depot. Here he saw them buy their tickets, and he was wondering how he would be able to get on the train with them without risk of discovery.

"I wish I had Billy with me," he thought, "the young rat would pipe them off as slick as a whistle. We would be able to take them with the rest of their gang, and probably get the complete outfit of press, plates, paper and 'queer.'"

At this moment, as the two men began to walk toward him, he stepped into the telegraph office to avoid them and unexpectedly ran against an old friend, Tom Chatterton, a "C. B. & Q." conductor.

"Hello, Tom," he exclaimed, grasping Chatterton's hand, "where did you spring from?"

"I've just got in off my run," said Tom, "and I was going home when you bumped the wind out of me."

"By the gods!" exclaimed Hall, "you are the very man I want."

"Not for anything serious, I hope," put in Chatterton, laughing.

"Well, it is, and mighty serious too," declared the Treasury agent, joining in the laugh; "I want to make a trade with you."

"What?" asked Tom, in astonishment.

"I mean just what I say," resumed the captain, "I want to swap clothes with you, hat and all."

"What's in the wind now?" asked Chatterton.

"I'm shadowing a pair of smooth people, and I have to do something to disguise myself so that they won't recognize me. Hurry up! Get off your coat and vest, and I'll let you have them again in a few hours."

"Well, you're a chilly duck, too," said Tom, but nevertheless doing as he had been told. In a few minutes the transfer had been made, the detective meanwhile keeping an eye on the coniackers, who continued to walk up and down on the platform outside."

"Who are your parties?" asked Tom as the detective was buttoning up the official blue vest.

"I can't give that up yet, but if I land them in the city jail to-night I'll tell you all about them. They have been fooling with Uncle Sam, and, if I convict them, they are good for twenty years apiece."

"W-h-e-e-w!" whistled the conductor, "I'd hate to stand in their boots and have you after me — that's all."

"Do I look like a railroad man now?" asked the detective, blushing at the implied compliment, as he perched the peaked cap rakishly on one side.

"You'll do," said Tom, admiringly. "It's lucky that we're just of a size. The togs fit you like the skin on a cucumber."

"I won't do yet," declared the detective, "they will know my face unless I queer it."

" I don't see how you are going to do that," said Tom.

" Then, I'll show you," answered Hall.

He then took out his handkerchief, an extra large white one, and folded it cornerwise. He next took his pocket-knife and deliberately cut his finger, letting the blood fall on the clean white handkerchief. When he thought there was sufficient to look natural, he artistically bound the bloody handkerchief over his left eye and around his head, covering the eye, most of his forehead, and all one side of his face. When this maneuver had been completed, he turned to the astonished conductor, and said :

" I don't think even you would know me now."

" Indeed I wouldn't. I never saw such a complete change in a man's appearance. You look like a railroader who has been in a smash-up."

Well satisfied with the result of his scheme, and having bound up the cut hand, the detective went out onto the platform, and walked slowly past the two coniackers, who by this time were seated on a trainboy's box at the other end of the depot. Hall assumed a limp, and walked like a man who had been pretty badly shaken up.

As he passed them for the second time, Guyon, whom we already know as Quinn, looked up and said :

" Hello, partner, been in a pitch-in ? "

" A little one for a cent," replied Hall, in an assumed voice, " but good and plenty to suit me. I've got seven stitches in my forehead this

minute, and I'll be a marked man as long as I live."

"That's too blamed bad," said Guyon, "which way are you travelling?"

"I'm going out to my sister's place on the 'Q.,'" said Hall, seating himself on the box between the two counterfeiters.

"When did it happen?" asked Driggs.

"About two hours ago. A shunting engine run into us, and I was thrown head first against the wood-box. I tell you my head aches fit to split."

A few minutes later the train pulled into the depot, and the coniackers assisted the supposedly wounded man into the car. He sat with them, and let them do all the talking until they reached Dameron, a little town about thirty miles above St. Louis, on the river. Here they got off after expressing the hope that the "conductor" would soon be all right again.

They were no sooner out of the car than that poor wounded man darted to the other door, tearing off the bloody bandage as he ran; and, as the coniackers, arm in arm, walked down a road leading to the river, the detective vaulted a fence and ran swiftly after them, keeping inside a ten-acre pasture lot.

The men were unsuspicious, and did not look around but once to see whether they were followed or not, so Hall had no difficulty in shadowing them to the river bank. They went at once down the hill to the water's edge, and drew out a boat which had been concealed under a clump of bushes. Into

this they got, and, Guyon taking the oars, they were soon speeding over the Mississippi toward Turner's island, which lies in the middle of the stream.

Hall, who had eyes like a hawk, stood on the bank and watched them until they reached the Island. They did not land, but, pulling to the south, rounded the point, and disappeared on the other side.

"I have you now, my fine lads," said Hall, to himself; "your plant is on that island as sure as a gun's iron."

He waited about an hour, and, as the boat did not reappear, was about to return to the depot to catch the next train back to St. Louis, when a little curl of blue smoke, rising from nearly the center of the island, attracted his attention, and confirmed his belief that he had treed his coons, and hunted the coniackers to their hole.

CHAPTER III.

"MR. BEAUDRY."

CAPTAIN HALL returned to St. Louis from Turner's Island, for so the coniackers' retreat was named, by the next train. Before he did so, however, he sent a cipher dispatch to Chicago asking for assistance, and informing his chief that he had succeeded in tracing his men.

Promptly at nine o'clock that night an old countryman stepped up to the desk at the Laclede Hotel, and asked if W. W. Howard were stopping there.

"He is," answered the clerk; "arrived this afternoon. Room 254."

"All right," replied the old granger; "I'll go right up. He's expectin' me."

In answer to a knock on his door, a few minutes later, Captain Hall called: "Come in," and the old man he had shadowed to Lincoln County, entered.

"Good evening," said the detective.

"Good evenin'," answered the old man, who was twisting his gray sombrero nervously, not knowing exactly how to open the conversation.

"You are a friend of Mr. Quinn's?" inquired the officer.

"Yes," was the reply. "Andy didn't feel right peart to-night, so he didn't come down."

"I'm sorry to hear that, for Andy's a right good fellow," said Hall, sympathetically.

The granger hummed and hawed, and seemed very uncomfortable, while Hall was making a quiet mental study of this innocent-looking old gentleman, who appeared to already have one foot in the grave. Finally the old man said: "My name's Beaudry—John Beaudry, though some calls me Hill. I guess Hill's easier to remember than Beaudry, which is French."

"Well, I'm glad to see you, Mr. Beaudry, or any friend of Mr. Quinn's."

"Much obliged," returned Beaudry, *alias* Hill, *alias* Driggs. "Andy was a-sayin' somethin' about you either hevin' or wantin' some green goods, or somethin'—I don't rightly understand what."

"I was saying to Quinn that I'd like to get some of them."

"How're you fixed?" asked the old man, after sitting silently thinking for some time.

"Solid. If I go into this business I want to go in big, and do it all suddenly. Then I want to go to Europe on a pleasure trip."

"Did you ever handle any of it before?"

"No; I've been straight as a string for years: Working for Doc McLean most of the time, selling pills and ague cure. I have a big connection on the road, and, with stuff like I saw this morning, I can shove it out as easy as rolling off a log."

"How much do you reckon you'd want?"

"Six hundred like those I've seen will do me. I can have a pretty nice jaunt out of that, and see my relations across the water."

"Do you know what 'ud become of the man that tried to turn me up?" This question was put abruptly by the old desperado, whose manner changed completely for the moment, and he seemed to grow twenty years younger as he half hissed the inquiry into Hall's ear.

"I don't know," replied Hall calmly; "and I don't care, seeing I have no such notion."

"I'd kill him as sure as G——!" said Beaudry, earnestly, and looking as if he meant every syllable of it.

"Well, that don't interest me a little bit," continued Hall; "what I want to know is, can I get it?"

"I guess Quinn was right," said the old man,

after scanning Hall's face carefully; "I believe you're an honest man."

"You can bet your pile on that," said Hall, whose meaning, though, was rather different from Beaudry's.

"How soon can you get your boodle ready?" was the counterfeiter's next question.

"To-morrow, if that suits you."

"That's a little too quick. The day after, at nine o'clock in the morning, will be better."

"Where am I to meet you, here?"

"Not by a d——d sight! When a man is deliverin' that kind of stuff he has to be mighty sly. Now, mind you, I think you are all right, or I wouldn't talk to you; but all the same I'm not goin' to walk into anythin' that might be a dead-fall."

"You are all right in the main, Beaudry, only there is nothing to suspect about me. Anyway, I'm agreeable to meet you anywhere you may say."

"Do you know Pearl's saloon?"

"Yes, the toughest joint in St. Louis."

"Ever been there?"

"No."

"I know where it is, though."

"Well, that's where I'll meet you at nine o'clock in the mornin', day after to-morrow."

The detective eyed his visitor narrowly after this arrangement had been proposed. John Pearl's saloon was, as Hall had said, the toughest hole in St. Louis, which at that period was not notorious for rum shops run on the Sunday-school principle.

Pearl's place was a "hang out" for burglars, highwaymen, and desperate characters from all parts of the country. In addition to these, prostitutes and female thieves of the lowest type made the place a headquarters, and more than one murder had been committed there. Heaven only knows how many more had been planned in this vile resort.

One may wonder how such a place could obtain a license and keep open. The fact is, that John Pearl controlled the votes of the tough element, and through this influence he became king of the primaries, not only in his own ward, but when the occasion demanded it, his thugs invaded the respectable parts of the city and controlled the delegates to party conventions in his interests and those of his backers — the politicians. In those days John Pearl was a power in St. Louis, and nothing that occurred in his house was ever too closely inquired into by a police force, which he practically owned, from the chief down to the democratic negro patrolman.

It is no wonder, then, that the detective paused before agreeing to the counterfeiter's proposition.

"I think," he said, at length, "I think, that if you have reason to be cautious and protect yourself, so have I. I don't much like the idea of taking \$2,000 into that joint."

"Oh! there's honor amongst — certain classes," replied Beaudry. "You have no reason to be scared. I'll purTECT you."

Doubtless it was very kind of Mr. Beaudry, *alias* Hill, *alias* Driggs, to promise his august protection;

but to Captain Hall, who knew his business right down to the ground, the whole scheme looked decidedly "fishy." He was a man of action, however, and, as quick as a flash, his plan was formed. Turning to the old man, who was eagerly watching him, he said:

"I'll be on hand. But, mind you, if there is any hanky-panky about it, I am about as quick on the shoot as any man you know."

This proved satisfactory, and shortly afterward Mr. Beaudry took his departure, declaring that he would not do anything "crooked" for the world and all that is therein.

Hall remained in his room for fully an hour after the departure of his guest, busily thinking out the details of the plan he had already conceived.

He conjectured that old Driggs was probably in earnest about selling him the counterfeit bills. It was evident that they were being printed in large quantities, judging from what Guyon ("Quinn") had said. At the same time he wanted the plates and plant from which the stuff was printed; therefore the capture of the old man and the money were not the main points in the case. Hence he concluded to be at Pearl's place, as agreed on, and to give the old fellow the "collar" there, provided Guyon did not come into town with him. As soon as he had the old man "nabbed," he intended to move on Turner's Island, and get Mr. Guyon and the remainder of the outfit.

It was a nice large contract!

Taking some clothing from his valise, he hastily dressed himself in a complete change of attire from head to foot. When his dressing was finished, he looked like a respectable farmer from "Egypt" or its vicinity. He used no disguise for his face, other than that supplied by a pair of smoke-colored spectacles, but over his own closely clipped hair he wore a beautifully made gray wig.

He walked down-stairs to the telegraph office, and the operator had not the least suspicion that the elderly granger and "Mr. W. W. Howard" were "one and the same person," as the late Senator Logan used to say.

"Kin I git a message yanked clear through to Chicago?" he asked.

"Rush message?" inquired the operator.

"I reckon that's what you call it. Ef it don't git thar to-night, it hain't no good, no more'n the dead."

"I can put it through for you," replied the operator, with a smile.

Thereupon the following was sent:

"To Arch. Billings,

"247 Morgan St.

"Chicago.

"Get here at once and inquire for letters at La-clede. Don't see me.

"W. W. H."

Having got this off his mind, the next thing to do was to get out to Lincoln County at once. Arrived at the depot, he was in sufficient good luck to catch a freight train on the "Q.," which was just about to pull out.

Going up to the conductor, he said:

"Reckon I'd like to ride a piece with you, stranger?"

"Can't be done, colonel. Against the rules to carry any one on a freight without a special permit."

"Well, see here, I'm farmin' out here to Lincoln County, and I've got to git home to-night ef it costs me as much as two dollars."

"But I couldn't carry you if you gave me an 'X,'" insisted the conductor."

"Then, I reckon you'll have to carry me for nothin'," said the *soi disant* farmer, as he pulled a pass on the "Q." from his pocket, and pointed out the fact that it read, "on *any* train." He then showed his star, and the conductor said:

"Why couldn't you have said so before? The best on earth is none too good for any of Uncle Sam's boys."

"Don't mention that word again; you don't know who might hear it," cautioned Hall.

During the hour's ride to Dameron, the detective entertained the conductor with some exciting anecdotes of his own career, and, on being closely pressed as to his present business, he said:

"Never ask a man in my trade what he is *going* to do. He won't tell you anything, unless he tells you a lie."

"I might have known that," said the conductor, "otherwise what would secret service mean?"

After leaving the train, Hall made at once for the river bank, and, though it was pitch dark, he found his way without much difficulty to the place

where the boat had been concealed on his former visit. He was greatly surprised to find it under the bushes, for he had calculated that both his "friends" would be on the island and hard at work by this time.

While he was puzzling over this matter, he heard voices coming down the hill, and had barely time to conceal himself on the other side of the clump of bushes, when he was able to make out two figures coming directly towards the boat.

"So he kicked on going to Pearl's," one of the voices said.

"Not very strong. Only enough to show that he has common sense."

"He might 'a had sense enough to savey that we're as anxious to git rid of the stuff fair as he is to git it," grumbled the first voice, which he recognized as Guyon's.

"I like him. He seems to be a nervy cuss. What do you s'pose he told me?"

"Give it up;" answered Guyon.

"Said if there was any monkeyin' he was quick on the shoot."

By this time they had pulled the boat from under the bushes, and were ready to push off from the shore.

"Well," said Guyon, when everything was ready, "I'm glad the printin' is all done, and we only have to rub down the shine." Then he pushed the boat off, leaving the detective in possession of some very nice information.

"If I could only get a boat, I'd follow them,"

said Hall to himself. "Surely there must be one somewhere about."

He walked down the bank to where he could just distinguish some buildings. Growing fainter and fainter in the distance he could hear the creaking of the oars in the row-locks, the pins of which were most likely rusted by their constant exposure.

On reaching the buildings, he was rejoiced to find that one of them was a boat-house. It was neatly built and carefully locked up, so he concluded that it must belong to some private party—most likely to one of the wealthy young St. Louisans who have country residences along the river, on purpose to enjoy the boating facilities.

The front door seemed entirely impracticable, so the officer went around to the rear. Of course it was burglary, from a technical standpoint, to break into these premises at night, but where such characters as Driggs and Guyon are concerned, Uncle Sam's Boys don't have time to stand on ceremony. There was a boat of some kind in that shed, and just at that moment the government needed it.

The back door was within an inclosure, which protected the rear entrance, and ran down to a little staging, from which, evidently, the boats were launched. Hall was as active as a cat, and in a minute he was over the fence and examining the back door. This he found secured by a padlock and a strong staple.

What was he to do? Feeling around on the platform, his hand touched something cold and round.

On striking a match to examine it, he found it was a piece of stout iron awning-rod about eighteen inches long. Nothing could have suited his purpose better, and, using the rod as a "jimmy," he had that staple out of the door in about two twos.

On getting inside, by the light of matches, with which he was plentifully supplied, he made a, to him, startling discovery.

There were only three boats on the racks—one four-oared racing shell, one double and one single scull shell. Now, though the captain had frequently whiled away a summer afternoon in a punt, angling for the succulent perch or the gamey black bass, he had never even seen a racing shell at close quarters before.

The question was: Should he abandon the attempt to follow the counterfeiters until he had searched further for a less cranky craft? or should he save precious time and run the risk of having to swim out, or make food for the fishes?

His mind was quickly made up. Lifting the light boat from the rack after some trouble, he carried her out on the landing stage and put her in the water. Returning, he found the sculls, which were laid on the floor under the boat rack, and the sliding seat which was with them. He then divested himself of all the clothing he could spare in case of a capsize and a necessity for swimming, and substituted for his boots a pair of canvas shoes which he found in a corner.

Returning to the boat, he boarded her with infinite caution, taking good care to step squarely on

the flooring. His common sense told him the proper way to set his row-locks, and, though at first he found the sliding seat an awkward contrivance, it did not take him long to get the "hang" of it.

Being a powerful fellow, and, as we said, having previously learned to row, it was not long before he was speeding across the water toward where he imagined he would strike the southern point of Turner's Island, at a regular racing clip.

CHAPTER IV.

SECRET SERVICE AFLOAT.

THE gallant captain pulled like a Trojan, and perspired like a bull on a hot day. Perhaps Hanlan would not have admired the style of his stroke, but he was lucky enough to catch no crabs, by dint of keeping his mind strictly on the business in hand.

In a few minutes he began to hear the creaking of the row-locks in front of him. At first he could not understand this, because, heavy though the other boat was, he had been so long delayed that the counterfeiters had had plenty of time to reach the shore, almost before he got afloat.

"What the d— is the meaning of this?" he thought, as he stopped rowing for a minute and listened to the rusty thole pins making creaky music on the still night air.

The night was dark as pitch, and he could see nothing, neither the shore he had left, the island he was seeking, nor the boat in front of him.

Now, this was exactly what had happened to the coniackers. They had been so deeply interested in their conversation that they took little or no observation of their bearings when they started, and, by the time they did think of them, they were so far from shore that they could select nothing to steer by, and could not make out the island to save their lives.

This situation gradually dawned on the detective's mind, and having concluded that such was the case, he lay quietly on his oars, and let himself drift with the current.

Presently he found himself close enough to the coniackers to hear their voices, and could soon distinguish what they were saying.

"Where is the —— —— —— island, any way?" said Driggs, in no very amiable tone of voice.

"You know as much about it as I do," said Guyon, with an oath which laid the one just used by Driggs, out cold.

"I believe we are too far south," said Driggs, after a pause, during which the boats neared each other.

"Rats! I'm going to pull east again," was Guyon's answer, as he again dipped his oars, and the creaking recommenced.

Hall followed them by the sound, and fortunately Guyon proved to be right this time, for in a little while Driggs exclaimed:

"Here we are; I can see the point now."

Captain Hall looked over his shoulder, and could barely distinguish a somewhat blacker spot in front

of him than there was behind. This he concluded must be the island. His row-locks worked smoothly, and without the least noise, but, being unaccustomed to the shell and sliding seat, he made an occasional splash, which would have given the counterfeiters warning but for the incessant creaking from their own row-locks.

Paddling as cautiously as he was able, he followed them around the point, and along the eastern shore of Turner's Island, until he heard Driggs exclaim :

"There she is, at last."

Again looking over his shoulder, the detective tried to make out what the mysterious "she" was that the counterfeiter had alluded to, but could distinguish nothing in the Stygian gloom of the desolate island, which loomed up like a black cloud above the surface of the water. He paddled barely sufficiently now to maintain his position, and prevent himself from being swept down stream by the current, while the other boat was vigorously pulled toward the island shore. In a few minutes he heard Driggs say :

"She's fast," and then the two coniackers seemed to be clambering up on a wharf, or something of the kind.

The next development was that a bright light suddenly sent a long and brilliant reflection across the water, and then for the first time Hall was able to make out a part of the outline of an ordinary Mississippi house boat, one of those flat-bottomed craft in which families are born, live and die on the bosom of the father of waters.

Venturing as near as he thought safe, the detective saw enough of the boat to assure him that these fellows were about as cunning in the way they did business as two scoundrels well could be. He had no doubt that their printing apparatus and the bogus money were all on board, and that, at the first indication of a detective's presence, the whole outfit could be dumped into the river, and all evidence of the nefarious business in which they were engaged, be thus destroyed.

Dawn had by this time painted the first faint streaks of gray in the eastern sky, so Hall concluded to make the best of his way back to the boat-house. Somehow, the return trip seemed terribly long, and it was almost daylight when he finally reached the little landing stage, which he had considerable difficulty in finding.

He rowed up to the platform, and in his eagerness to get ashore, he first unshipped his oars, and then stood up in the shell. He was just congratulating himself on the luxury of stretching his legs, when, before he could realize what had happened, the frail craft shot from under him, and he found himself going down, down, down, until he imagined he would never reach the bottom. He did, however, in a very few seconds, and, giving a vigorous kick, he was soon at the surface again, coughing, spluttering and swearing, all in the same breath.

He was still in great good luck, for, striking out blindly, three strokes brought him to the landing stage, which he grabbed with all the desperation

of a drowning man, and slowly hauled himself out.

The first thing he thought of was the shell, and, looking down the river, in the gray morning light, he saw it calmly and peacefully floating away wrong side up. One of the sculls had come ashore, while the other bobbed on the ripples, twenty feet in the rear of the boat.

"That will have to go into Uncle Sam's expenses," he exclaimed aloud, "but I reckon the trip was worth the price of the boat. Anyhow, I have no time to fool away, so here goes for dressing."

In the boat-house he found some towels. Stripping off his wet underclothes, in which alone he had made the cruise, he dried and dressed himself as quickly as he could, and climbing the fence again was soon on his way up the bank.

When near the top, an athletic-looking young fellow in boating flannels, passed him on his way to the boat-house below.

"Hello!" he said, "you are out early, old man."

"Oh, tol'able, tol'able," replied the detective, quickening his pace.

"Hold on!" cried the young fellow; "what have you been doing down in my boat-house? I saw you jumping the fence as I crossed the hill."

"The d—— you did," said Hall, who a moment before had been laughing internally at the neat way in which he was getting out of a scrape.

At this minute the young man caught sight of the shell floating bottom upward some distance down the river.

"Have you been using my boat, setting her adrift?" he asked, hotly.

"What boat?" inquired Hall, stolidly.

"That boat," replied the young fellow, advancing threateningly.

"That hain't a boat," said Hall, "it's a snag I saw floating by a few minutes ago."

"You come back to the boat-house with me," said the craft's owner, attempting to seize the detective by the arm.

"I'll see you sizzling first," replied Hall, as he flung the other man's hand off. "I've got something better to do than to lally-gag with you, he continued," and I propose to go do it."

"Well, you won't!" exclaimed the now thoroughly aroused oarsman, as he made a dash for Captain Hall and attempted to get the "upper hold" on him.

Just how it occurred, that athletic young Missourian will never be able to explain, but within two minutes of the first collision he was lying at the bottom of the hill, wondering how on earth he had arrived there so suddenly, while with streaming coat-tails, and his long, gray hair fluttering in the wind, that old granger was streaking it over the hill-top at a pace that would have turned a professional sprinter green with envy.

Hall did not slacken his pace until he reached the depot. He heard the distant whistle of a down train as he ran, and made up his mind to travel to St. Louis on her if running would get him to the station in time.

On his arrival at the Laclede Hotel he first wrote his instructions for his subordinates, in case they should arrive while he was away, and left them in the office addressed to Arch Billings. Then, having everything off his mind, he went to his room and snatched a few hours' sleep.

At 12:30 he got up, and, after a wash and shave, went down-stairs to the office to see whether anybody had been inquiring for him. No one had been there. There was a telegram on the rack, however, which informed him that Billings could not be on hand until the following day, owing to an important case which he could not leave. In his place another man by the name of Hudson would arrive that afternoon.

"Then, I'll go it alone," said Hall to himself, "that dub Hudson is no good on earth. I'd sooner have a country sheriff's deputy. That's what I'll do! I'll get some of the grangers to watch the boat and see that she doesn't quietly sneak up or down the river. Then I'll collar brother Driggs in the morning, and round up with Guyon and the plates in the afternoon. Archie will probably be here in time for that part of it."

The next thing to do was to visit the Illinois sheriff on the far side of the river, whose jurisdiction overlooked the east side of Turner's Island. Crossing to East St. Louis, Hall got a good horse, and was soon spinning over the road. He found the official, and, explaining who he was and what he wanted, the sheriff, an old farmer, said:

"I'll watch 'em myself, I will by gosh! (Spit.)

I'll take 'Lige Hall along — he's as smart as a whip, that boy, and has a right good boat. (Spit, spit.) Ef them fellers goes to move a foot, I'll wire you. (Fresh chew). Ef they do more, why 'Lige 'll foller 'em and shadder 'em clear to Noo Orleans if need be. He's as smart as a whip, 'Lige is, and a natural comedian too — funniest feller in the county, b' gosh!" (Spit, spit, spit.)

This remarkable old gentleman's foible was to punctuate and emphasize every sentence by spitting through his front teeth, which gave a weird and melancholy turn to his conversation.

After pointing out the boat to him, and seeing 'Lige and himself posted, Captain Hall returned to St. Louis, reaching there at 8:30. As he entered the Laclede Hotel, he was surprised by being met by old man Driggs. The counterfeiter merely said "Howdy?" and then moved toward the elevator.

The detective followed him, and Driggs said, as soon as they reached room 254:

"Where you been?"

"Out hustling for money," was the unabashed reply. It was true too. He had been out working hard for the money Uncle Sam was in the habit of paying monthly for his services.

"Git it?" asked Driggs.

"You bet. Look here," the detective pulled out a big wad of bills, and, lifting the first three, showed three \$100 notes.

"That's the stuff!" said Driggs, whose eyes glistened with greedy concupiscence, while his withered old hands opened and closed nervously,

as if he would like to clutch the whole bundle then and there.

"What did you come down town for?" asked Hall, who pretended that he thought the two counterfeiters were living quite close to town.

"Jest to see if you'd be good and ready for me in the mornin'."

"Well, you can see that for yourself. How will you be fixed for me?"

"As fer that," answered Driggs, "I guess I could let you have three times as much ef I was put to it."

"Well, if my first crack goes all right, I will probably call on you for the whole business — about eighteen 'thou,' eh?"

"Somewheres about there. Well, good-bye — I'll be on deck in time."

They shook hands, and then separated.

At nine o'clock the next morning there were two detectives in front and one in the rear of John Pearl's saloon, while in the bar-room, two tough-looking citizens in far-West costumes, who drank bourbon and flashed plenty of money, were Treasury men in disguise, who had been sent on from the department to assist in the capture.

Mr. Hodson, strange to say, had not been able to find W. W. Howard, who was said to be "out" when he called, and consequently he was not "in it." The taller of the two men was Archie Billings, a very giant in size and strength, and a man whose only motto was: "Face the music."

Driggs was nowhere to be seen, and Hall had

not yet arrived. At 9:07 the latter entered the place, carrying a small black valise, and, going up to the bar-keeper, asked whether anybody had inquired for Mr. How.

"Not yet," was the answer, "but, if you're How, you're to go to the wine-room, in the rear."

The bar-keeper led the way, and, closing the door of the wine-room after him, left the detective to his own reflections.

Half past nine came, and then ten, but no Driggs, and no counterfeit money. Hall was growing very impatient, when the door opened and the old man, carrying a parcel wrapped up carefully in brown paper and tied with a stout string, entered.

He looked anxious and careworn, but his face lightened up as he saw the detective.

"I'm late, mister," he said, "but I couldn't help it. I got unexpectedly detained this mornin'. What you got in the bag?" he continued, as his eyes lit on the little valise which stood on the table.

"The long green," answered the detective. "What have you got in the parcel?"

"The short green," replied Driggs, with a grin. "Now," he went on, "I'll lay my pile and my gun here. You lay your gun beside it and show your hand."

As coolly as if he were about to buy a dozen new-laid eggs, Hall drew his revolver from his hip pocket, and laid it on the table beside Driggs' weapon. Then, opening the valise, he exhibited a number of piles of notes tied together with strings. Some had a hundred dollar bill on top, and others only

a ten or a five. The top notes were the only large ones, all the others being ones and twos, but the lot looked like \$2,000 in good money.

"Now show your hand," said Hall, after he had exhibited this wealth to the greedy gaze of old Driggs, and reclosed the valise.

Driggs smiled a faint sort of smile, and said :

"I was afraid this might be a plant, so I didn't bring my papers with me."

Hall looked at him for a moment in great surprise, and then, in an injured tone of voice, said:

"You don't seem to have very good judgment about men. However, if that's the case, it's all off." Saying this, he picked up his revolver, and was about to replace it in his pocket, when the old man stopped him by saying:

"Hold on, it ain't all off yet."

"What do you mean? that you have put up a job to rob me of my good stuff?" asked Hall, with the revolver held threateningly.

"No; only they ain't a d— bill in this package. If this was a plant, I guess you'd grab the package and git fooled. But I see you're all right, so here goes."

With this the old fellow stripped off his coat and vest. Then his shirt followed, and as he began to pull it over his head, Hall saw that he had counterfeit notes wrapped around and around his body, kept in their places by strings wound tightly over them.

Before the astonished Mr. Driggs could even cry

out, his wrists were caught in a pair of "nippers," and he found himself securely gagged with his own flannel shirt.

A minute later that gag had been rendered still more effective, and Hall went to the door and coughed twice.

The two Wild West men began to walk rapidly toward the wine-room, when the bar-keeper called roughly:

"Hi, you! that room's engaged."

"That's all right," answered Billings covering the man with his revolver, "you keep a civil tongue in your head, and mind your own business."

The bar-keeper ducked behind the counter, and the next instant a bullet came crashing after the two officers, just as they entered the wine-room door.

Billings turned, and, before the fellow could pull trigger again, a sharp report from the detective's pistol followed by a yell of pain, showed that Archie Billings had not lived twenty years of his life on the border without learning to handle his "pop."

The shooting brought the detectives, who were waiting at the front and rear of the saloon, into the house in a hurry, and the wounded bar-keeper was placed under arrest.

This was the only opposition offered to the officers, who stripped off the counterfeits from about Driggs' body, and then, after allowing him to dress, hustled him off to the nearest police station in short order.

"D— your soul," he said bitterly to Hall, "I mistrusted you from the start, and, ef I hadn't'a been such a d— obstinate old fool, I'd 'a let G—I mean Quinn — turn this trick instead of me."

"My dear Mr. Driggs," replied Hall, sarcastically, "don't let that little matter trouble you in the least, for to-night our mutual friend, Mr. Guyon, will occupy an apartment in the same hotel as that in which you will have the pleasure of lodg-ing."

"Well, he won't, Mr. Smart Aleck," retorted the disgusted coniacker; "he'll fool you, Jim will, and be d—d to you."

CHAPTER V.

THE FARMER DETECTIVES.

WE must now turn back and see what Sheriff Hezekiah Tibbs, and his assistant, 'Lige Hull, the "natural comedian," were doing.

"Say, 'Lige,'" said the sheriff, shortly after Captain Hall had posted them and given them their instructions, "I reckon we could keep them roosters (spit) better under sur-vile-ance ef we hed a spy-glass ; (spit spit) I do, b' gosh!"

"Well, what's the matter with Uncle Billy Knox?" asked 'Lige, as he carelessly shoved his hand into the sheriff's pocket, and extracted his piece of hard tobacco.

"Oh! go 'long with your monkeyin'," said that functionary, after an ineffectual grab for his plug of "chewing."

"Hold on — which 'll you have, the plug or the chaw?" answered 'Lige, with a grin, as soon as he got out of reach with his prize. "Say," he continued, as he commenced to masticate a chew as large as his mouth could hold, and that was considerable of a lump, "Uncle Billy Knox has a spy-glass — I seen it myself last week — got it in St. Louis — s'pose I go and git it and bring some fish lines?"

"Great head — cause we're liable to be here some time. We kin git out 'n fish, 'n they wont think there's anythin' up."

So 'Lige went away for the telescope and lines, with which he returned in something less than three hours. He found Hezekiah fuming mad when he arrived at the point of observation.

"Say, 'Lige, I most believe you're a gosh dummed fool," said the sheriff, in answer to 'Lige's greeting. "Them fellers might be to St. Louis now fer all you (spit), they might, b' gosh!"

"But they hain't, and they hain't no harm done," answered the offending 'Lige, with all the assurance of a smart country boy. "They was hevin' a little game of sledge to Hermann's grocery for the liquor, and in course I hed to take a hand."

"Fust thing Hermann knows, he'll find himself pulled," grumbled the sheriff. "How many fingers have you got tucked away en under your vest?"

"Nary one," replied 'Lige with one of his most expansive grins, "me 'n Clint Burchall cleaned 'em all out, and I 'passed' every trip, tellin' Hermann

he owed me one, which I kep' tally on with a piece of chalk."

"That was right smart o' you, 'Lige. When a man's workin' for Uncle Sam, he wants to keep a clear head, 'n red liquor haint a goin' to give it to him (spit); it hain't, b' gosh!"

"That's just whut I thought," returned 'Lige, "and I says to myself, says I, 'like enough we'll hev to be out there all night, 'n ef we do, we'll need a drop o' poison to keep up the circ'lation; so, when the game was over, 'Hermann,' I says, 'how many do you make it?'"

"'Make what?' says Hermann.

"'The drinks you owe me,' says I.

"'I hain't kep' no account,' says Hermann; 'how many do you reckon it?'

"Well,' says I, 'I've kep'tab on this here thing, 'n I reckon about nineteen games is what we've played. I'll take mine in a black bottle.'

"Well, sir, Hermann he kicked the gol durndest you ever see, but the boys stood in with me, and 'lowed, as I kep'tab, 'n had the chalk-marks to show fer it, I was right, so he had to perjoos."

"'Lige,'" said the sheriff, solemnly, "I allus said you was the smartest boy in the county (spit, spit), 'n I'm durned ef I don't believe you'll be supervisor, or mebbe sheriff yet. Where is that 'ere bottle?"

Much flattered by his superior's good opinion, 'Lige, who had brought a bundle wrapped up in his red bandana handkerchief, undid the knots, and handed the bottle to Hezekiah, at the same time

exhibiting the fishing tackle and a common little telescope with a red barrel to it

The sheriff was no longer interested in the "spy-glass" or fish lines. Removing the tobacco from his mouth, he rolled it up in a scrap of paper, and carefully deposited it in his pants pocket. Then, uncorking the bottle and cautiously smelling its contents, as if suspicious of some practical joke, for 'Lige was notorious for this form of bucolic wit, he rolled his eyes heavenward in ecstacy for a moment, in enjoyment of pleasurable anticipation, and then put the bottle to his lips. For some seconds the silence was only broken by the "gluggety-glug-glug" from the neck of the bottle as the liquor poured in an unsteady stream down his throat.

"I'll be gosh durned ef that ain't good," he said, as he handed the bottle back to 'Lige; "try it. That's the stuff to put hair on your breast."

'Lige took a pull at the bottle, and, after recorking it, he carried it down to the water's edge, and deposited it in the boat.

"Reckon you'd better dig worms while I bail her out," said 'Lige, as he dipped up a canful of bilge water from the bottom of his boat.

"All right," said the sheriff, and away he went to get the necessary bait. Not very long afterward they were anchored a short distance from the bank, enjoying alternately the delights of angling and the delights of liquor distilled from corn in Egypt (Ill.).

On board the house-boat, which lay tied up to

Turner's Island, an entirely different scene was in progress.

In the cabin, a miserable cuddy-hole about 6x10, which contained a stove, a table, two three-legged stools and a couple of bunks ranged against the sides, sat Guyon and Driggs.

"Got 'em all finished?" asked the old man.

"Yes," returned Guyon, "I printed the last of the backs about an hour ago. They won't be dry enough to take the shine off till to-night."

"What made you tell me you had 'em all finished?"

"Thought I had, but I overlooked some that I thought I had the backs onto."

"Well, you hain't got 'em all finished yet?" said Driggs, going to one of the bunks. He raised the lid, and, putting his hand under the bedclothes, pulled out a neat parcel, which he opened.

"Here," he said, "here's about three thousand papers you forgot about the other night, when you got so full of tanglefoot."

"Well, I'm d——d!" was Guyon's ejaculation; "I thought I took 'em all. I reckon you'd better give 'em to me now, while you go on fixing the ones that are ready, so as to have 'em all slick for Howard in the mornin'."

"No," said the old man, decidedly, "we have a plenty printed for now, and these can wait a day or two till we drop down the river. I'm gittin' sort o' scared stoppin' so long in the one place."

"How far are you goin'?"

"I know a safe bayou in Louisiana near the

mouth of the Red River. That'll be our next stoppin' place, as soon as we get Howard's money."

"All right," replied Guyon, "now we'd better git to work on the pile."

From another bunk, the coniackers took two large parcels of counterfeit bills, done up in bundles of one hundred each — each bundle representing \$1,000 in "Webster-head" silver certificates, so called because the portrait of the great orator is engraved on the note.

In their then condition, they were almost perfect counterfeits, the only tell-tale evidence of their spurious character, to the ordinary observer, being that they were altogether too shiny and a little off color. The paper itself was too coldly white to look natural.

The fire was alight, and the kettle was singing merrily, so Driggs took a large piece of plug tobacco, and divided it into strips with a cutter. These he threw into a tin dish, and poured boiling water over them. He next took off his pants, as if to cool off, for the stove made the stuffy little cabin stuffier still; and, turning to Guyon, he said:

"Where's the syrup?"

"I have it forward, by the press," answered Jim; "but I'll go and get it, and see if the greens are drying."

Untying one of the rolls, Driggs picked up a note and dipped it into the tobacco tea which he had just made, and then, laying it on his bare thigh, began to rub it with a small, fine sponge.

Thus, in turn, he treated the others, the tobacco

water giving the little color which had been missing, and at the same time removing the excessive shine. Guyon reappeared a few minutes later, and, removing his pants, sat down, and, after Driggs had completed the tobacco process, finished the work by rubbing a minute quantity of glycerine into each note. This was for the purpose of taking off the too new appearance, and also of softening the paper, which was of a harsher character than the genuine silk fibre.

Steadily they worked away at this business until late in the afternoon, when Guyon, glancing across to the Illinois shore, saw three men on the bank looking toward the boat.

"What the blazes do those mugs want?" he said to Driggs, as he pointed out the three figures to his companion.

"Grangers, like as not," answered Driggs, scarcely pausing in his occupation to look at them. Guyon felt a trifle uneasy, and kept a watch on the men until two of them disappeared. Finally he lost sight of the third man, and said:

"I don't like the looks of that, Nelse; seems to me it might be a plant."

"Where's your nerve?" asked Driggs, working away at the pile of notes.

"Nerve's all right, and I have a good plenty of it, but I have a holy horror of doing time."

Nothing more was said until Driggs noticed the boat out in the river, and saw the two men in her, fishing. "Nothing much to be scared about in

that," he said, calling Guyon's attention to the men, " it's jest a couple of grangers fishin'."

The " couple of grangers " continued to fish until pretty near sundown, and by that time, both, owing to the strange influence of the black bottle, had become imbued with the idea that they were great detectives.

" I'll tell you right now," said 'Lige ; " here's our chance to make a reputation. We've been a-fishing for suckers long enough ; now s'pose we git after the men ? "

" What do you mean, 'Lige ? "

" Why, go over and investigate that house-boat and find out what's a-goin' on. Mebbe these Treasury sharks think no one kin do anythin' real bright 'ceptin' themselves."

Hezekiah considered this proposition favorably, and said :

" We hain't seen hide nor hair of no livin' thing all day. I don't b'lieve they's anybody there at all."

" Me too," replied 'Lige. " I vote we jest go 'n see."

So, taking in their lines, and another goodly swallow from the almost empty bottle, they rowed across the stream toward the boat.

Guyon spotted the move almost instantly.

" What did I tell you, Nelse? " he cried, " there's somethin' wrong about them fellers, as sure as h—."

" We'd best put the stuff out 'o sight, anyhow," returned the old man, hastily shoving the counterfeits into the bank.

" Well, and what about the press and plates ? "

" There's only two of 'em," returned Driggs, grimly, " and, if they try to come aboard us, they'll find that my 'bulldog' never barks without bitin' — there or thereabouts."

" S'pose there's more of 'em a-comin' 'round the point ? " suggested Guyon.

" I reckon you carry a gun, don't you ? " asked the old man. " What do you think 'Lise would say ef she saw you scart and white as you are now? She'd shake you in a minute."

" You don't need to slur me, Nelse. You got solid with Gerty through your nerve, but you can bet your life, ef there's any fightin' to do, I won't run away. I hate to get into it, though, jest the same."

The sheriff's boat approached nearer and nearer, but, by the time it reached the house-boat, all traces of the "coniacking lay" had disappeared.

" Hello ! " yelled 'Lige, in an extremely drunken voice.

It was Jim's turn now to show his grit, in the very presence of what might prove to be real danger.

" Hello ! " he answered, as he emerged from the cabin door, which opened into a little cock-pit, from whence three low steps led to the deck.

" Want to buy some fish ? " asked 'Lige.

" Reckon I can catch all I want," answered Guyon.

" Well, then," said 'Lige; " s'pose you take a drink and be sociable." With this he held up the bottle.

"Much obleeged," answered Jim; "but we hev a five-gallon jug of stuff that never paid no taxes. We brought it from our country. Have some?"

"Be gol durned if we don't go you," chimed in Hezekiah, who, by this time, was stupidly drunk, and whose tongue was as thick as his arm.

"Chuck us your bottle," said Guyon, "and I'll give you something that'll tickle your gizzard."

'Lige threw the bottle to Guyon, who caught it, and, emptying out the small amount of liquor remaining in it, disappeared into the cabin, after saying: "I'll be back in a minute, boys."

When he returned he took a pull at the stuff himself, saying: "Here's how," with a sly wink to old man Driggs, who stood listening just inside the cabin door. He then pitched the bottle to 'Lige, who, being unprepared, received it at about the place where the second button of his vest would have come if he had been guilty of wearing such a garment.

"Ouch!" yelled 'Lige.

"That was a body blow — it was, b' gosh!" said Hezekiah, with a drunken leer. However, they both took a drink to the health of their unknown host, and, when that was disposed of, the sheriff said:

"That beats cock fightin'. Durned ef I wouldn't like (hic) to visit wish you's-long ash that stuff lasts."

"Well," laughed Guyon, "come over to-morrow night and have a game of seven up."

"I will, b' gosh (hic), 'n bring some o' the boys

with me. Thatsh besht liquor ever saw. Nothin' like crooked stuff to find out your insides" (spit—a very poor aim this time. Result, slobbering over his chin), "b' gosh!"

"Well—so long, and much obliged for the poison," said 'Lige, who was considerably less under the influence than his companion.

"Good night," called Guyon; "and don't forget to come over to-morrow night, and bring the boys with you. I'd ask you to-night, on'y I have a date with a gal of mine over here apiece."

"They may be all right, but I'm d——d if I think so," remarked Guyon, as he rejoined Driggs in the cabin.

"G'long," said Nelse; "they're only a couple of drunken grangers—there's no harm in them. Well, I'll just have time to catch the train, so I'll eat in town. So long."

"While you're gone, I'm going to keep my eye peeled for the grangers, just the same," returned Guyon. "I tell you plainly, I don't like the looks of them a little bit."

Driggs went to St. Louis again that night, and, when he returned at two o'clock in the morning, his first question was:

"Well, did you see any more of the grangers?"

"That's what I did," replied Jim; "they have camped out on the bank there, for I saw their fire till about an hour ago. I'm going to take that press and the plates off anyhow, in case somethin' happens, and I was just waitin' for you to help me."

Driggs grumbled a good deal at this, and said he was tired — it was a fool-trick to get so scared of a couple of farmers, and a lot more to the same effect. But Jim was determined to do it, so, after some discussion, the press was raised by means of a rope and pulley attached to an improvised crane, from the cuddy-hole in the bow where it was secreted, and, after some two hours of tedious labor, just as daylight began to break, it was lowered into the small boat.

"Say, here's daylight, Nelse," said Jim, as the sky began to grow light in the east. "We've got to hustle if we want to git the things out of the way without them fellers seein' us."

There was no need to hurry, had they but known it, for the sheriff and his deputy, with their arms about each other's neck, were sleeping the sleep of the drunken on the bank across the river.

"I'm hurryin' all I can," grumbled Nelse, "and I can't do no more."

At last all was ready. The press was on the small boat, and they were about to push off, when Driggs said:

"Thought you was agoin' to take them plates and the ink along."

"We haven't time to move the ink, but I'll get the plates. It's growing light so quick that we may be too late even now." As he finished speaking, Jim darted into the cabin, and in a moment returned with the plates, covered up in a piece of rubber blanket.

The small boat lay between the larger one and

the island, to prevent the men on the opposite shore, if they should be detectives, from watching their movements in hoisting out the press. Accordingly, when they shot out under the nose of the larger boat, it is doubtful whether they would have been observed in the uncertain light, even if the sheriff and his deputy had been on the alert.

At this moment a thin fog began to rise from the bosom of the Mississippi, much to the satisfaction of Guyon and Driggs, so that, by the time they had rounded the point, the Missouri shore was completely hidden from their view.

"D——n those row-locks, I forgot to oil them again, and they're screeching loud enough to be heard in St. Louis," said Guyon, who was in anything but a cheerful temper.

"I guess no one will hear them," answered Driggs; "this place is pretty lonesome, and anyway the fog hides us, supposin' there was anybody about."

At length they reached a little cove in the shore of Turner's Island, and into it the boat was pulled and beached. A few boards had been brought in the bottom of the boat, and along these the heavy press was dragged, as if they had been a tramway, into the bush.

Arrived here, they set to work with pick and shovel to dig a "grave" for their stuff, and as soon as it was deep enough, the press, carefully wrapped in oilcloth bandages, was lowered down a steep incline. The plates were deposited beneath it, and then the earth was filled in.

"If they come a-hunting," growled old man Diggs, "they'll spot this *cache* the first thing."

"No, they won't," answered Guyon, "not when I'm done with it. You come with me and bear a hand." Following Guyon, Driggs penetrated still further into the bush, and was surprised to find a number of trees cut down and into four-foot lengths.

"Grab a-hold," said Guyon, taking one end of a medium-sized log. Driggs, still grumbling, did as he was directed, and together they carried log after log and laid them on the *cache* until something over a cord of firewood was piled upon it.

"I was ready for this," said Jim, "and, while you were blowin' yourself down to St. Louis, I was gettin' ready to skin out if anything happened."

"Well, they'll git onto the woodpile too," snarled Driggs.

"No, they won't. That stuff'll look as if it had been there a year by the time it's been in the sun a day or so. Anyhow, it's my press and plates; so you have nothing to grumble at."

By the time this job was finished, it was eight o'clock, so they returned to the house-boat with all possible speed, in order that Driggs might get ready for his trip to town.

It did not take long to row back, and it was with a sigh of relief that two men on the opposite bank, whose bloodshot eyes, parched mouths and aching heads reminded them of the orgies of the night before, saw them board the house-boat again. Once on board, the counterfeits were fastened around

Driggs' body, and as rapidly as possible he prepared himself for his journey to St. Louis.

"How you feelin', Lige?" asked Hezekiah.

"Awful," replied Lige, laconically.

"My head's a bustin' open," continued the sheriff.

"Yes, so's mine," replied 'Lige; "that's what it is to get a great big head while you're 'tendin' to Uncle Sam's business."

"Well, they ain't got away from us, b' gosh!"

"That's our good luck, nothin' else."

"I b'lieve I'll take a chawer terbacker to kind o take this bokay out'n my mouth," said the sheriff.

He took out the tobacco, brought it up towards his mouth, and then dropped it, saying, disgustedly: "Reckon I won't, after all. Terbacker kind o' goes back on my stummick this mornin'."

At this moment, 'Lige, whose eyes were sharper than the sheriff's, saw the coniackers re-entering their boat.

"There they go again," said he.

"Gimme the spy-glass," commanded the sheriff. After peering at the boat, he continued:

"One of 'em's got a passel, so I guess he's a-goin' to town—see, he's goin' alone, for the other feller's gone back on the big boat. Oh, they're all right. We've got 'em treed sure enough."

Stationed on the Missouri bank, officer Frank Williams had watched the bushes for the coniackers all night long. He had seen old man Driggs when he crossed to the island at two o'clock in the

morning, and waited there until eight o'clock to see if he returned. The fog had prevented him from seeing the trip made up the island to bury the press, and, thinking all was right and that the two men on the Illinois shore would be able to see everything that went on, he walked up the hill to a little tavern to breakfast.

After a hurried meal, he took the 9:15 train for St. Louis, and saw Driggs rush into the station just in time to get on board. Of course, the very first thing he noticed was the brown paper parcel, and he jumped to the conclusion that it contained the "green goods." His instructions, however, were merely to shadow the island, and not interfere with either of the coniackers, unless they attempted to take the boat up or down the river, or to leave by some north-bound train.

Therefore he shadowed Nelse Driggs to Pearl's saloon, and was one of those who rushed in when Archie Billings so unsuccessfully used the bartender's body for a target.

CHAPTER VI.

"CAP HALL MISSES HIS ROUND-UP."

NO SOONER was Nelson Driggs safely under arrest, than Hall, with half a dozen picked men, drove rapidly to the river, where a fast tug was awaiting them, under a full head of steam.

It did not take many minutes for the party to get on board, the shore-line was quickly hauled in,

and away the "Nancy Till" started, snorting, puffing and jumping as if she fully understood the importance of her mission.

Not knowing how many there might be in the gang, Hall ordered his men to re-load their revolvers from a fresh box of cartridges which he opened for the purpose.

"I don't want any snapping, boys, for there may be a dozen of them on board their craft. If you have to shoot, see that you get there. The man I want is Jim Guyon, and you all know his description. I want him *alive*, and the man who lays hand on him first gets a bonus of one hundred dollars from me."

"Hurrah!" shouted the men, as each one determined to earn that hundred dollars if it cost a limb.

After a remarkably quick run, they reached Turner's Island, and, long before they got near enough to see with the naked eye, through a pair of good binoculars Hall was able to make out a thin curl of smoke from about the place where he judged the house-boat lay.

"They're there, boys!" he exclaimed, in high glee, as he handed the glass to Captain Gribbler, of the "Nancy Till." "Don't you see smoke coming from the island?"

"You pet you, on de east seit," assented the captain. "By chimini!" he continued, "I get me mine rewolver and dake a crack at dot hundert tollars mineselluf."

They kept straight ahead until they reached the

northern end of the island, and, as they passed the house-boat, through the glass they could see Jim Guyon looking at them, as he leaned lazily against the cabin, smoking.

When they reached the north end, so that Guyon should suspect nothing, they altered their course, passing over to the west channel, as if they intended landing at the little town on the Missouri shore.

As soon as they were out of sight of the house-boat, the tug's yawl was lowered, and half the force piled into it, intending to make their way by land to the counterfeiter's boat; while the "Nancy Till," after giving them time to get well posted, was to drop down the river, and open the attack.

Hall calculated that the minute he and his men attempted to board the house-boat, Guyon, and whatever other members of the gang might be present, would get ashore and run right into the arms of the men ambushed in the woods.

The party on board the tug never passed such an impatient half-hour in their lives.

"There's something wrong with my ticker," said Billings.

"Why?" said the captain, "what's gone wrong with it?"

"The blamed second-hand is counting minutes and hours, instead of seconds and minutes, that's all."

"Don't be impatient," said Hall, "that is the worst vice a detective can have. I'd sooner hire a patient drunkard than an impatient man who never

touched a drop. I could depend on the drunkard not to get full on duty, where I would not depend on the impatient man for five minutes' watching."

In spite of this little homily, Hall tramped up and down the deck in a perfect bath of perspiration.

At last the half-hour agreed upon was passed, and, as the big hand of the clock finally ticked it off, "Cut her loose!" roared Hall.

"Bing, Bing," went the gong, and the "Nancy Till," receiving the impetus of her powerful screw, again dashed forward to the undoing of Jim Guyon.

Down they swept, running like mad with the current, while Hall sat on top of the wheel-house during the whole trip, the binocular glued to his eyes, directed to the house-boat. Not a soul was to be seen; so he concluded that the counterfeiters suspected nothing.

At length the signal was given to stop, and, in obedience to her rudder, the "Nancy Till" swung inward, rapidly and silently, toward the object of attack.

"D—n it! that's curious!" exclaimed Hall, as nobody appeared on the deck of the house-boat; "the fellow must have gone to sleep. I suppose he's alone, after all."

The "Till" glided gently up to the boat, and, as soon as they were within jumping distance, five men sprang from her deck to that of the house-boat. Captain Hall himself, by jumping over the heads of the others from his elevated perch on top

of the wheel-house, like Eli, "got there" first, and dashed at the cabin door.

"It's locked, boys!" he shouted; "batter her in!"

In an instant a determined rush was made at the door by the entire party, and the portal, giving way under their combined weight, burst open, and the whole crowd tumbled into the stuffy little cabin together.

Quickly springing to their feet, they saw that neither Guyon nor anybody else was present. Two of them darted forward to the big hatchway, in case their prey might be hidden there, while the others searched the bunks and looked everywhere.

"He's gone!" ejaculated Hall in amazement.

"Dot tam schvindler!" puffed Captain Gribbler.

"The boys in the woods must have caught him," said Hall.

"I pet you de bier dey dond!" returned Gribbler.

Hall then fired his revolver in the air, and the shore party, in response to this preconcerted signal, rushed down to the beach.

They had no prisoner.

"Have you got him?" roared Hall, using his hands as a speaking-trumpet.

"No! haven't seen a soul!" answered little Dick Finn, the funniest little chap in the service.

"Well—I'm d——d," said Captain Hall, in despair. How Guyon had got away, he could not imagine. There was the gloomy fact, however, he

was gone, and there was no clue left behind him to tell how, where or when he had gone.

When the "Nancy Till" passed up the river, Guyon, who was as cunning as a fox, was on deck, on the lookout for some such demonstration from his enemy, the government.

As the tug passed the house-boat, which, by the way, was named the "Gerty Stadtfeldt," in honor of old man Driggs' woman, Jim shrewdly suspected what they were about. But, when Hall lowered the binocular glass for a moment, Jim was certain that he and Mr. Howard were one.

As soon, then, as the tug passed out of sight, in order to save himself from being caught like a rat in a trap, Jim pulled off his boots and stockings, ran to the cabin, and got all the good money he had, at the same time threw out all the counterfeits, and then, going over the side, he started to swim for the Illinois shore.

It was a desperate undertaking; but it was a Hobson's choice between swimming the river and going over the road for, perhaps, twenty years. The thought of quiet surrender occurred to him, but that meant penitentiary. On the other hand, resistance, and perhaps the killing of an officer, meant the end of a rope.

Jim Guyon was justified, under the circumstances, in taking his chances in the river.

The current helped him through it, carried him a long distance down stream, and precisely at the moment when the "Nancy Till" ran alongside the "Gerty Stadtfeldt," thoroughly exhausted and una-

ble to keep afloat another minute, Jim Guyon crawled out of the water three miles below, and lay, like a man who has run a desperate race, panting on the wet sand.

Meanwhile, the officers searched the boat for the press and plates, which, as they soon discovered, had been spirited away. They found \$13,030 in the counterfeit bills, and 2,778 pieces of paper, many of them having received the "fibre printing," the plate of which they found. They got a large quantity of fine inks; black, green and carmine, such as are used in printing notes.

The island was thoroughly searched from end to end in the hope of finding Guyon or some clue to the whereabouts of the plates and press. But in vain. Jim was safely out of reach, and the little pile of cord-wood was passed and repassed many times, without exciting the faintest suspicion.

While the officers were searching the island, and cursing their hard luck, Guyon was recovering from the effects of his long swim. As soon as he was able to walk, he made for a clump of woods, which he entered, and was soon lost to sight in the thicket. The first thing to be done was to dry his clothes, which by sundown he had accomplished, and then, barefooted as he was, he started to walk nine miles back from the river, to a village where he had a friend.

He walked all night, the latter part of the journey being accomplished in terrible agony. The sharp stones had cut and bruised his feet dreadfully, and,

when he reached his destination, he could not have put a boot on for a fortune.

His friend was an ex-burglar, who, having made a lucky haul and escaped detection, had bought a farm with the proceeds, married a wife, and settled down. Jim had sense enough to make up a good story to account for his condition, and was kindly treated for several days; in fact, until the weekly paper found its way into the house. Unfortunately for Jim, in it was an account of Hall's exploit; so the farmer, taking Guyon aside, said:

" You had oughter told me you was in trouble, Jim; I'd'a helped you out. But you see for yourself, you can't stay here. None of the neighbor folks around knows anything about my past life, and I got kids growing up that I want to leave an honest name to. Now, if you get ketched in my place, the cops'll give away my record."

" You're right, old man," said Jim. " You've treated me right; I'm going to do the square thing by you; I'll leave to-night."

" If you want money, or anything, I have a hundred to spare, and welcome," said the ex-burglar, kindly; " but you see how it is with the wife and kids, don't you? "

" Surely — much obliged for the offer of money, but I have a couple of centuries in my sock. The only thing I'll ask you to do is to go to the store and get me a suit of duds, and a pair of shoes — then I'm fixed."

The clothes were brought to him, and that night Jim Guyon was on his way to the timber woods of

the Georgian Bay, on Canadian soil, which he reached in safety three days later.

Hall never got so much as a clue as to how he got away, or where he went.

Driggs was brought to trial, and, after the evidence was all in, he was sentenced to ten years at Chester (Ill.) penitentiary.

By behaving himself, and thus making good time, he was liberated after doing seven years and six months, when he followed his wife, Gerty, to Dayton, and, with the money he had put away prior to his capture by Uncle Sam's Boys, he purchased a tavern on Homewood avenue, about a mile beyond the city limits of Dayton.

CHAPTER VII.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

DURING all the years Nelse Driggs was in the penitentiary, a vigilant lookout was maintained by the authorities for Jim Guyon and the re-appearance of the "Webster-head" ten dollar counterfeits.

Captain Hall, in the discharge of his duty, had met his death at the hands of an infuriated woman, and had died, like the brave man he was, with his boots on.

But the race of detectives, so well begun in the Hall family by himself, did not die with him. At the time of the captain's adventure with Driggs and Guyon, there was a "kid" who already ranked

as one of Uncle Sam's Boys at the early age of fourteen. This was Billy Hall, son of the worthy captain, of whom the great detective, in his fatherly pride, said:

"Billy is all wool and a yard wide. He's as bright as a dollar, and true as steel. Mark my words, boys, that kid will be catching coniackers when lots of other folks won't know that the woods are full of 'em."

The great regret of the captain's life was that Jim Guyon (the notorious) had succeeded in slipping through his fingers.

"Billy," he said, frequently, "I'm liable to be 'got' by one of these fellows most any time; but, if anything happens to me, remember that Jim Guyon planted his outfit somewhere, and, as soon as Nelse gets out of the pen, they'll go to 'shoving' the stuff again. If you're in the service, and I am gone, don't forget that I owe Jim one."

Billy laughed at the idea of anybody getting the drop on the old man, but promised, in case anything should happen, to put in his best work to avenge what the captain always regarded as the great failure of his life.

So when Nelse Driggs got out in '87, Billy took the precaution to look him up and see what business he went into.

In '88, toward October, rumors began to come in from Southern points, that a fine counterfeit was in circulation. These rumors were merely vague stories at first, and, in spite of all the Treasury men could do, they could not lay hands on a specimen

of the "stuff." In fact, they did not know the denomination of the bill.

The "shovers" were so shrewd, and the note itself so good-looking, that people who had accepted it passed it again rather than lose their money by confirming their suspicions. The rumors generally came from small towns in rural districts, where ten dollars is regarded as a small fortune.

The Treasury did not know it, but, in addition to the \$1,930 of counterfeit money they had captured in 1879, Nelse Driggs had left nearly \$40,000 more in his wife's possession. This amount, Gerty, who was as shrewd as possible, "planted" by her husband's orders, there being plenty of good money for her to live on and have a good time with. She had a "good time" too, for she was a bad one all the way through. She was the second daughter of the notorious Stadtfeldt family, counterfeiters, bond-makers and coiners. She was an adept at all kinds of crooked business, and, besides that, was young and decidedly pretty. She was only twenty-five when Driggs, aged seventy, was arrested.

What the bond of sympathy was between these two people, heaven only knows and won't tell. At any rate, as soon as Nelse was "settled," Gerty started in to have a "gay time," and, within a year, she had as many lovers as she had fingers and toes.

Nelse heard of it too.

"I don't care a d——," he said, "what she does while I'm up here; but I'll bet money they can't talk to her when I get out again—not if I say so."

At length the looked-for note reappeared, and a

number of arrests were made in the South. The prisoners were subjected to the most vigorous pumping, but Driggs and Guyon had arranged such a clever plan for the dissemination of their manufacture, that practically nothing could be learned, either of the leaders or where the stuff was made. Moreover, the notes caught, appeared to be some of the old issue made by Driggs and Guyon in 1879.

It was at once noticed that every "shover" arrested, no matter where the offense took place, was defended by attorney Septimus Miller, of Dayton, Ohio. This little fact pointed very emphatically to Nelse Driggs, whose home was so close to that thriving town.

At length, Wm. Rheinhart was arrested at Richmond, Virginia, with a clear case against him, and, after a preliminary hearing had been waived, the trial took place within a few days of the arrest.

As usual, lawyer Miller turned up, and exhausted all his ingenuity in an attempt to quash the indictment. When he found this impossible, he devoted all his skill to saving his client on technicalities.

His address to the jury was so affecting, when he referred to the innocent, confiding foreigner, a victim of bad men, who had been used as a cat's-paw to pull other people's chestnuts out of the fire, that the jury was dissolved into tears. Without leaving the box, they promptly gave Mr. Rheinhart five years, probably for being such a fool.

After the trial was over, a long, lanky gentleman, with aquiline features and piercing, dark eyes, who

had been sitting quietly among the spectators, walked over to the attorney, and said:

"Excuse me, but that was about the slickest address to a jury I ever heard."

"Thanks," replied Miller, "but unfortunately they had poor Rheinhart too dead to rights, and nothing could have saved him."

He paused to look at the stranger, who nodded his head sympathetically. That gentleman appeared to be about forty-four years of age, and, though lank, was strongly built, weighing perhaps 180 pounds. He wore a black mustache and goatee, and his hair hung in long curls down his back, *à la* Buffalo Bill. He was dressed like a wealthy ranchman from the far West, and had an air of dash and vim about him, which, in addition to his pleasing address, made him a very pleasant fellow to talk to.

"Looks like Bill Cody," was lawyer Miller's mental comment, as he rapidly absorbed these details.

"Yes," continued the stranger, who stood the attorney's scrutiny without the quiver of an eyelash; "I like your style, *re*—markably. Now I have a little business that wants a smart man, who not only knows law, but can talk to a jury, and, if you are open for an engagement, I'd like to talk to you awhile."

Scenting a good, round fee, Miller eagerly replied:

"Come over to the hotel with me, and I'll see what I can do for you."

"Right you are," answered the stranger; "I expect we'll be able to do some business together.

We can have a nice little bottle of Mumm and a good cigar in your room, I suppose? You see, when I take anything, it's usually about this time."

"Sure," answered Miller, who was certain that any man who talked so lightly about Mumm and fine cigars must be tolerably well "heeled."

Arrived at the hotel, the wine bubbling in the glasses, and the aromatic blue smoke from two fine Havanas pervading the atmosphere, Miller opened the conversation by saying:

"Well, here's to you, Mr. —?" -

"Bell," replied the stranger.

"Glad to know you," responded Miller, as he clinked glasses with his new client.

"Now, sir," he continued, after they had drunk, and the stranger had refilled the glasses, "what can I do for you?"

"Several things if you will," answered Mr. Bell, smiling, and showing a glimpse of a fine set of teeth. "In the first place, I am a good deal interested in that poor fellow Rheinhart, and I'd like you to tell me all you know about him."

"Nothing, except in a professional way, and that of course is sacred between attorney and client. I was employed to defend him and did all I could in his interests, that's all."

"Who employed you?"

The attorney grew uneasy at this question, and began to shift around on his chair. Finally he put down the wine he had been about to raise to his lips, and, as he did so, replied:

"Why, Rheinhart, to be sure. What made you ask?"

"You live in Dayton, Ohio, I believe," said the stranger, ignoring the question. "Did he write to you and ask you to come all the way down to Richmond?" he continued.

"Who are you?" demanded Miller, springing excitedly to his feet.

The stranger looked at him for a moment with a quiet, tantalizing smile on his face, and then said:

"I am John S. Bell, Chief of the United States Secret Detectives, and I have you dead to rights, Mr. Miller."

Miller threw his exquisite cigar despairingly into the cuspidor, and sank back in his chair with a groan. Then, quickly recovering himself, he said:

"I'll admit this is a horse on me, but, when you talk about having people 'dead to rights,' you imply that they have been guilty of some crime against the government."

"Exactly," replied the chief, laconically, preferring to let the other man do the talking.

"Well, you are wrong. I have done nothing but what my position as an attorney demands. I have defended several persons accused of uttering false money."

"Now, Mr. Miller," began the chief, "you are a young man, and a brilliant young man. When I complimented you on your defense of Rheinhart, I was thoroughly in earnest. But you jump too hastily to conclusions. As I said before, I have you dead to rights, and I am right sorry for it. I

hate to see a bright young man like you spoiling himself by his own folly, just as a career of honor, and, doubtless, wealth is opening up to him."

" You are a smooth talker, Mr. Bell; but, if you will pardon my egotism, I believe I know a little — ever so little — more law than you do. You may depend upon it, I fully understand an attorney's privileges."

" I believe you when you say you know more law than I do," answered the chief; " that is, general law. But, when it comes down to this specific instance, I will guarantee that I can give you ten years in Chester. I'll stake my reputation on that, and my reputation is something I am rather proud of."

Miller sat perfectly quiet for a few minutes, and the chief resumed:

" Have another cigar, Miller. We might as well be sociable; for I know we will part good friends."

Miller lighted the tobacco, and, after doing so, said:

" I suppose you have no objection to telling me what you want?"

" I have already told you a part," answered the chief; " but, as you ask, I will tell you briefly the whole business. I want to know all you know about the people who are making and 'shoving' these things."

As he spoke, he tossed one of the counterfeits over to Miller. The latter took it and turned it over, looked at it closely, and then said:

" Well, that's all right, isn't it?"

Again the quiet, amused smile showed for an instant in the chief's eyes, as he inquired:

" Who employed you?"

" That is my business, and none of yours."

" Oh, yes, it is. We are very much interested in finding out—Uncle Sam and I."

" Well, so far as I know, there is nothing in the statutory or common law to prevent you—if you can," returned Miller, saucily.

" Oh, we can," answered the chief; " don't you fret about Uncle Sam and me. But I'd like to hear it from you. Now I want you to tell me."

" And I don't *want* to tell you."

" You've got to, that's all."

" If I say I won't?"

" You won't be so foolish."

" But if I do?"

" I'll have to act on that," and the chief, selecting one from the numerous documents in his big pocket-book, tossed it to the too secretive attorney.

Miller caught it, and, as he glanced over the paper, and saw that it was a United States warrant for his arrest on the charge of conspiring with others to defraud the general government by making, printing, issuing and uttering counterfeit money, his face turned deadly pale, and for a minute or two he sat like a wooden man, unable to move.

" You can't prove any one of these charges," he gasped, at last.

"Can't we?" queried the chief, in his quiet, almost lazy way; "we'll see about that! For instance, you were retained by Nelse Driggs in every one of these cases. The tavern on Homewood avenue knows no more frequent visitor than Septimus Miller. Jim Guyon is in Cincinnati, and has been there for some time —."

"That'll do," interrupted Miller, "I don't believe you could convict me, or you would not attempt to make me 'squeal.' But you hold cards enough to make it all-fired interesting for me. I throw up my hands—Nelse Driggs did hire me."

"Mr. Miller, I congratulate you on your good sense. Now I'm not going to tell you any more of what I know, but, if you give me any crooked tips, I warn you in advance that I shall be compelled to call your bluff by acting on this thing at once."

The chief was in high good humor during the remainder of this interesting interview, which it would spoil our story to relate in detail. The fact is that Miller told all he knew, and he had actually "weakened" on a good hard bluff, for when the chief said he knew that Guyon was in Cincinnati he was only guessing, but that was the little point which convinced Miller that he had better make a clean breast of it.

He still protested that he only "suspected" that Guyon was in communication with Driggs, and that they were "handling" the counterfeit notes. At the same time, he expressed his willingness to introduce a secret service man to one of the "shov-

ers," who, if properly worked, would lead to the conviction of the principals, whoever they were. Mr. Miller was too "foxy" to admit any guilty knowledge of Driggs and Guyon.

A few days later, officer William Congdon, a man with a frail body, but the heart of a lion, met Mr. Septimus Miller by appointment at Shelbyville, Indiana.

Miller was there to defend a member of the coniacking gang, who had been arrested with his mistress, Kittie Hoyt, for horse stealing.

This fellow's name was Sam Rivers, a most notorious desperado. Among his many accomplishments were counterfeiting, coining, burglary, horse stealing and murder. In spite of his record, for he had already seen the inside of many a prison, and through a misdirection of justice, he had barely escaped dangling at the end of a rope, the scoundrel actually secured a \$4,000 bond and was enjoying the run of the street when his attorney, Miller, arrived from Dayton.

"Who bailed you?" asked the lawyer:

"Oh, a friend of mine—Banker Robertson."

"Robertson?" exclaimed Miller, in astonishment, "why, he's deacon in the church, Sunday-school teacher ——"

"And under my thumb," concluded Rivers, with a grin.

"He's had funny dealings with me," he continued, "and, if I'd wanted it, he'd have got Kittie out too."

What bond held this contemptible, sneaking

hypocrite in the power of a man, who, if such a thing is ever justifiable, richly deserved lynching ? Well—there were a good many “ Webster heads ” floating about that part of Indiana—and sometimes there is a pretty good “ rake-off ” for the man who doesn’t look too closely at the money passing in and out of his bank. That’s all !

“ Why don’t you want Kitty out ? ”

“ I’ve got a new mash. Kitty’s getting too old and independent, anyway—I want her to go over the road.”

The cold-blooded villain got his wish, for Kate Hoyt was promptly sentenced to nine years for horse stealing, thus putting a fitting climax to a sensationaly notorious career.

After talking over the horse stealing case, and arranging grounds for a continuance, Miller said :

“ I have a friend here, Sam. He’s a corking good fellow, a ‘ gam ’ and all around sport from Troy. His name is Conolly—Mike Conolly—I guess you’ve heard of him.”

“ Seems to me I have,” replied Rivers. “ Is he the man that jumped into Chicago one night and did Hankins’ game up for \$4,200? ”

“ Same party,” said the lawyer. “ Well, Mike has been following the races, and went broke against the short ones. He’s ripping good company, even if he is dead broke.”

“ If he’s a game man he won’t be broke long,” answered Rivers, “ the right sort don’t have to stay broke, see? ”

The lawyer, it is to be presumed “ saw,” for that

night he introduced Congdon under the name of Mike Conolly, and after a drink or two they went around to see as much of the "elephant" as holds forth in Shelbyville, which, to quote Mr. Congdon, is "right considerable smart of a bit."

Among other places they visited, was a quiet little poker game. The lawyer obligingly "staked" Congdon (with Congdon's own money), and the three of them "sat in" with three strangers.

Somehow or other, Congdon could not let a "pot" pass him. Every time the stakes were worth having, he scooped them into his inside pocket with an easy nonchalance that astonished Sam Rivers.

One time, when Sam held three aces, Congdon drew one card, and Rivers two. Everybody else dropped out after a round or two, and a lively contest ensued between the outlaw and the detective. At it they went, hammer and tongs, for not only did Rivers suspect "Mike" of bluffing, but he had filled his aces with a pair of kings in the draw. There was fifty-one dollars in the pot altogether, and it was Sam's bet.

"I'll raise you twenty."

"Lend me some stuff, Miller," said the officer, "and I'll clean our friend out."

Miller handed him his wallet.

"Now," said Congdon, "I'll see your twenty, and raise you twenty-five."

Rivers grinned as he threw four of the queer tens, along with two good fives, on the table, and remarked:

"That's pretty nigh my last stake"—I raise you another twenty-five."

"I'll go you twenty-five better," returned Congdon, without moving a muscle.

Again two of the queer ones and a good five went into the pot:

"I'll call you, you bluffer, and see what kind of a hand you think is worth more than two hundred cold simoleons."

"I've got a little flush of hearts," said Congdon, laying down his hand.

"Then I scoop you," said Rivers, exhibiting his ace full on kings, as he reached for the money.

"Hold on," remarked Congdon quietly, as he put his hand on the pot, "my flush runs 5, 6, 7, 8, 9—look at 'em for yourself."

Rivers relinquished his claim to the stakes with a curse, and, turning to the detective, said:

"I say, party, you're too smooth for me, and I thought I was a kind of a chilly duck at this business myself. I'll give you a cool hundred if you show me how you hold that thing out."

"Did you see me hold anything out?" inquired Congdon, as he returned the money he had pretended to borrow from Miller.

"No; I didn't see nothin' wrong," replied Rivers hastily, who, though he believed himself cheated, saw that he had made a wrong play.

"That's all right," said Congdon, graciously. "Come with me now, and you'll wear diamonds."

Sam Rivers did not sleep well that night. If there was any thing in the world he hated, it was to

give up good money, and the officer had relieved him of about \$175 in the "long green," which made the coniacker sore. "I must get that good stuff back," he thought, "but not by 'poke'—that rooster makes me shy. I guess I'll have to load him with the 'short green.'"

They met again in the afternoon, and, after a game of pool, in which Congdon got the worst of it, dropping ten dollars, Miller said he had some business to attend to and left the officer and the coniacker together.

After chatting on indifferent subjects for a while, Rivers said:

"What did you do with that stuff you robbed me of last night?"

The detective laughed good naturedly as he replied:

"I have most of it in my pocket now. I tell you what it is, party, I never needed a haul so much in my life. I was flat broke."

"Well, there ain't any need for a smart man like you to go broke," said Rivers, earnestly; "I can show you a game that you can't help winning at, even when you lose."

"Yes you can," answered Congdon, incredulously.

"On the dead," protested Rivers. "I suppose you are fly enough to know that all isn't gold that glitters."

"I should remark."

"Well, and all isn't good stuff that looks like it. Come on up to my room till I show you something."

When they got inside the room, Rivers carefully closed the transom, locked the door, and then, placing a couple of chairs near the window, said:

"Sit down."

The detective did so.

"Now, where's your pile," continued the con-acker.

"I have several dollars in my inside pocket," sang Congdon, softly drawing out his roll of money.

"Now count it carefully," said Rivers.

The detective did so. "Two hundred and fifteen," he said, when he got through.

"All good stuff?" asked Rivers.

"You bet your bottom dollar it is—as good as the wheat," returned Congdon, apparently surprised at the question.

"Well, it ain't," said Rivers, with a strong stress on the "ain't."

"And why ain't it?" asked Congdon, still incredulous.

"Because one of the gang we played with last night is 'shoving the queer.' He worked some of it into the game, and you got it."

"Come off," said the officer, inspecting the bills again.

"No 'come off' about it," asserted Rivers; "give me that roll, and I'll pick 'em out for you." He took the roll and selected four of the "Webster heads," which he handed back to the officer.

After pretending to examine them critically, Congdon said:

"I'll bet you a hundred to forty that these are as good as Jay Gould's bank account."

"If I wasn't a friend of yours, I'd take you up and beat you," answered Rivers, delighted that "Conolly" was so well pleased with his "goods."

"Well," said the officer, "if they *are* queer and I can make a dicker with your friend, I'll guarantee that I'll be a rich man mighty quick. I'm as well used to looking at money as most people, and all I have to say is, that the paper's right, the color's right, the feel's right, and the engraving is perfect."

"It's risky business 'shoving' it," said Rivers, with a shake of his head.

"Not to a man with brains in his nut," replied the officer. "At faro banks, race tracks, saloons—in fact, any place where there's a crowd, a bright fellow ought to be able to change from fifty to two hundred dollars in this stuff, and skip quick enough never to be caught. I could do it! Say, will you introduce me to your friend?"

"You bet I will," returned Sam. "Allow me to introduce the identical party."

"What! you? Well, I'll be jiggered!"

"Yes, me. That's my long suit, getting rid of this paper; and for all the thousands of dollars I've put out, I've never got into trouble once. Why, I put a lot of 'em into a bank here, and nobody ever got onto it."

"What do they cost?" was Congdon's next question.

"Thirty-three cents on the dollar," replied Rivers.

"Then, I'll take \$117 worth right now, if you have them handy," said Congdon, counting out the money.

The transfer was quickly made, and that night the officer left Shelbyville to go to St. Louis and "get rid of the money," according to his story. It was arranged that, if everything went well, he should return in a week or more.

CHAPTER VIII.

"SHADOW" AND SUBSTANCE.

ON the 23d of April, Officer William Hall, the "Chip of the Old Block," as he was called by all old Uncle Sam's Boys, went to Dayton to watch Driggs and his wife, and keep a sharp lookout for Guyon, who was supposed to be in the neighborhood.

It was not long before he made himself quite at home around Driggs' road house, stopping there two or three times a week to get a drink, and chat with the innocent-looking old man. Driggs, in his young days, had bought produce from the farmers around southern Ohio, and even then was engaged in "shoving the queer," by inserting a few bad bills into every payment he made for grain, stock, fruit, or what not.

He had always been shrewd enough to keep out of Uncle Sam's clutches until the episode of '79, and apparently, butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, when "Billy the Chip" made his acquaintance.

Hall was supposed to be a book agent, and many a funny story was told by him in Driggs' bar-room. When the laughing time came, Gerty was usually on hand, and joined in as heartily as anybody. Apparently nothing could shock her modesty very rudely, and in fact she sometimes told a yarn herself with a decidedly Frenchy flavor about it.

Billy stuck to his watch, and succeeded in shadowing old man Driggs to Cincinnati, whither he went to meet Jim Guyon, who had a room at 182 John street. He also found that Gerty did a great amount of visiting, being gone two or three days at a time, off and on, until the end of June. Another discovery the astute young detective made, though this was already suspected, was that Gerty had a lover in the person of Septimus Miller, the old man's attorney, and that some of her frequent visits to sell "green goods," or get rid of them in other ways, were made for the purpose of having a "high old time" with her lover.

Meanwhile Congdon was playing Rivers in excellent style. He bought several batches of the counterfeits, which were at once turned over to the department, and Rivers declared that he was the quickest and best operator he had ever seen.

Little did Sam Rivers suspect, when Congdon was supposed to be away on a "shoving" expedition, that his "gam" friend was watching him day and night to find out how he received his supply, and who brought it to him. The chief suspected that Guyon, much changed in appearance, was the go-between, so Congdon spent many and many a

night exposed to all kinds of weather, in watching for the notorious counterfeiter's appearance on the scene.

After one of his "trips," and when Rivers' confidence in him was absolute, Congdon said:

"Where do you get this elegant stuff from?"

"That would be telling," replied Rivers.

"Well, you don't need to be so stiff about it with a pal like me," said Congdon; "I guess I'm about as deep in it as anybody."

"I was only fooling," returned Rivers. "I thought I told you. I get it at Dayton, from old man Driggs. Ever hear of him?"

"Never did," said Congdon, unblushingly.

"Well, he's the boss coniacker of this country," said Rivers; "and never got legged but once. But I'm just about out of the 'greens' now, so I've written for him to send me some on. I guess it'll be here to-night."

"If it don't come?"

"I'll have to go after it. Say, I'll take you with me if you like, and introduce you to the old man and his woman. If you get 'solid' with her, you can have the earth."

This suited Congdon exactly. The constant exposure had settled a terrible cold on his lungs, and, as his chest had never been strong, he was beginning to get a little bit frightened. He coughed and coughed, but all the doctoring he could do brought no relief, for the night air and want of rest undid it all before the medicine could do its work. Now, this opening promised to wind the matter up

quickly, and then he intended to treat himself to a good long rest.

That night he parted with Sam Rivers early. Rivers said he had to meet a friend, and declined company.

"Why? Are you afraid of me?" asked Congdon, somewhat indignantly.

"No, I'm not; but, if Jim Guyon comes, he'll raise h—. He's the scaredst man you ever saw of being pinched."

"All right, then, I'll go to bed," said Congdon; "good night."

"Good night, old pard," returned Rivers; "I'm sorry I can't have your company, but you see how I'm fixed."

Instead of going to bed, Congdon wired Chief Bell the following message:

"G. comes here to-night. If not, leave for D. with R. to-morrow to meet the whole party. Stuck on me.
"C."

This he sent through without using the cipher, as the young lady operator was known to be "all right."

Then he posted himself to wait for Rivers.

For two mortal hours he waited in the cold, and at midnight it began to rain, freezing as it fell. In fact, it was just the vilest night in all the villainous month of April.

At 1:15, Rivers, wrapped up in a big rain coat, with his slouch hat pulled down over his eyes, came out of the "tough" boarding house where he

was stopping, and walked briskly, not toward the railway, as Congdon expected, but to a clump of timber at the far end of the town.

Numb through, and wet to the skin, Congdon followed as best he could.

When Rivers arrived at the woods, he paused for a moment as if to take his bearings, and then plunged into the darkness by a little foot-path. Like a blood-hound, Congdon was hot on his trail.

After a difficult walk of about ten minutes, Congdon could no longer hear his man in front of him, he having been guided entirely by the sound.

Where was he? What was he doing? Why had he stopped? Did he suspect himself shadowed?

All these questions presented themselves to the brave detective, as he stood a few feet from the path behind a large tree, listening. Bending forward, he made an attempt to peer into the darkness, but it was as black as the hinges of midnight, and he could distinguish nothing.

With the utmost caution he found the path again, and slowly followed it for about ten or fifteen yards. Then he stepped on a rotten branch, which snapped with a loud report beneath his feet.

As he glided rapidly beneath the dense shadows of the trees, he heard a low whistle a short distance up the path. The sound was muffled at first, but presently it grew distinct, and a moment later Rivers came down the path.

"I'll swear I heard a noise," he grumbled to himself as he came; "who the devil was it?"

He paused and repeated the whistle; then, receiving no answer, he moved forward again.

"Oh," he said, apparently much satisfied, "I guess this branch must have fallen from the tree. That's what I heard."

Then he returned up the path, with the detective not five yards behind him.

A minute later the reason of his stoppage was made clear. Surrounded by second-growth timber and dense brush, stood the ruin of a log-cabin. It had been the home of a settler, years before, who was murdered ere he had cleared an acre of ground, and, owing to this tragedy, no one had cared about occupying his cabin since.

Sam Rivers did not mind a little thing like that, though, so, plunging into the brush, he made his way to the cabin.

At this moment the rain stopped, and, by the aid of a faint glow from the sky, Congdon was enabled to vaguely see the house, and Rivers making for it.

The weather, after the rain ceased, became suddenly cold, and Congdon stood there in his wet clothes watching the cabin, until Rivers, cursing even more horribly than "our army in Flanders," strode through the brush at five o'clock in the morning, and back by the pathway to the high road.

Guyon, for some reason, had failed to appear, to the bitter disappointment of poor Congdon, who, staggering like a drunken man, from the combined

effects of his chilling and the low state of his vitality resulting from his illness, tottered back to his hotel, how he does not know to this day.

That night's work nearly cost him his life, for the next day he had to take to his bed, and was unable to accompany Rivers to Dayton.

The chagrin of his unfortunate failure, combined with the wetting he had got, brought on a bad attack of bleeding at the lungs, and the poor fellow had to go home to Troy as soon as he could be moved, a victim to that dread scourge — consumption.

Chief Bell was disgusted at thus failing at the very moment of success, for of course it was impossible to gain Sam Rivers' confidence a second time. He was too suspicious a man, and would scent the "lay" in a minute.

Therefore, Rivers being impracticable, a number of other "shovers" with whom Congdon had come in contact during his experience in Indiana, were promptly collared, and Rivers, though allowed to remain at large, was constantly shadowed.

As these men have nothing to do with our story, their names may as well be given here.

Mort Howell, arrested at Rushville, got five years; Bob Howery, "pinched" with him, took two years on a plea of guilty. Lon Barrett, arrested while loading up the bookmakers at Terre Haute race track, pleaded guilty, and was given two years, for which mercy he profusely thanked the Federal judge, and declared that, when he had served his time, he would keep away from crooked money.

Chief Bell was not the man to sit down quietly under defeat. Of course, you may know that a man is breaking the law, that is one thing; to give a jury legal proof that he is a malefactor, is quite a different matter. The chief knew that Nelse Driggs and Jim Guyon were the men he wanted, but he absolutely had no case to go into court with.

In this critical position of affairs, he determined to jump right into the job himself; so, calling Officer Donello into consultation, an elaborate plan was laid, by which Bell and Donello should work Driggs from the inside, while Billy Hall should take care of him from the outside.

Accordingly, the two officers surprised attorney Miller one fine morning, in his office at Dayton, and, after shaking hands, the chief said :

"Mr. Miller, this is my friend, Billy Myers, of Pittsburg and Wheeling. Billy's long suit is 'bank,' 'poke,' and other eccentricities with the red, white, and blue chips."

"Happy to meet you," said Miller, shaking hands.

"Billy," resumed the chief, with a twinkle in his dark eyes, "Billy wants to be introduced to those friends of yours out on Homewood avenue. He thinks he could use some of the things they make in his business."

"And you want me to introduce him? Well, I won't do it — that's flat. I'm not going to put Gerty in the 'pen,' and you don't need to ask me to."

"Now, Mr. Miller," said the chief, persuasively, "do be reasonable. Who said a word about Gerty?"

We want the old man and his partner. I'm sure you ought to feel very much obliged to us for getting the old scoundrel out of your road, and leaving you a clear field for Gerty's favors."

"Will you guarantee that she won't be 'pinched,' no matter what you may find out?" asked Miller, eagerly.

After a moment's thought, Bell replied:

"That isn't reasonable, Miller. I'm a government officer, under oath to do certain things. Now, I might find out that your fair friend is guilty of murder. I couldn't overlook that, you know. No; the best I can say is that I will treat the lady as leniently as possible, and let her entirely alone if I find such a course consistent with my duty."

"Then, I won't lift a finger or open my mouth," said Miller, doggedly.

"Very well, then," answered the chief, still pleasantly, "I'll just have to let Guyon go, and arrest the balance of the outfit. You may have observed that I generally have a complete case before I go into court. I'm sorry to leave Guyon out of it, but I can convict the rest of you."

"You mean that you will pinch me?"

"Precisely."

"Then pinch and be d—d to you."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Donello sprang at him, there was a momentary glitter of polished metal, followed by a sharp click, and Septimus Miller, attorney, etc., before he had time to realize what had happened, stood manacled

in the middle of his own floor, charged with a felony of the first magnitude.

Donello's hand rested lightly but firmly on the attorney's collar, and, as soon as the latter's first surprise had passed, a shudder shook him from head to foot.

Mechanically he lifted his imprisoned hands to look at the glittering "darlings," and a haggard, horrified expression came into his eyes as his terrible position dawned upon him. There is an indescribable feeling of horror in the first touch of a pair of handcuffs which never fails to affect even old campaigners — fellows who have worn the bracelets any number of times. To the man whose wrists are embraced by them for the first time, the effect is not unlike that of an electric shock.

"Well?" said the chief, after giving the lawyer a few minutes for pious reflection.

Miller did not look up. His face was deathly pale, and his eyes, after that one glance at the handcuffs, were kept riveted to the floor. He did not reply to the chief's interrogation, which, though brief, covered the whole ground.

"Well, Miller," said the chief again, still quietly. This time the prisoner raised his head, and, after a frightened glance toward the door, as if he dreaded the unexpected entrance of some friend who might discover his predicament, he said :

"For God's sake, take these cursed things off."

"Are you open to reason?" asked the chief.

"Yes," replied Miller, in a low voice, hanging his head again.

"Now," said Bell, after the hideous "*bijouterie*" had been unlocked and restored to Donello's pocket, "I am willing to treat you a good deal better than you treated me. I will make you a proposition."

"Name it," said Miller, who had sunk into his office chair and buried his face in his hands. Donello slipped to the door and turned the key in the lock.

"If you will loyally work with the government you have wronged, and assist in every way in your power to bring the leaders of this conspiracy to justice, the government will not call you as a witness, and will forget all about any connection you have had with the case. Moreover, when the trap is sprung and the details of this capture (for we are bound to get them) are given to the world, your name shall be kept out of the newspapers."

"The terms are satisfactory — even generous;" replied Miller, "but about Gerty, don't forget that we love each other, and that through her confidence in me alone, this thing can be worked."

Blinking, for the moment, at the obliquity of moral vision which could see in his adulterous *liaison* with this woman extenuation for a connection with the gang of coniackers, Chief Bell replied:

"I have said as far as I can in that matter. If I find it possible to leave her out of the indictment I will do so, but I can't promise anything further."

"All right. I'll accept your offer," said Miller, as if a load had been lifted off his mind. At that

very moment he had determined to get Gerty out of the way before the blow fell.

That evening, at about eight o'clock, a stylish rig drove up to Driggs' tavern, and two men alighted.

Pretty Gerty Driggs was standing at the door of the bar-room, while, behind the counter, her old husband was serving a couple of farmers on their road home after a day in town.

Gerty received the lawyer with every demonstration of joy.

"Come on," she said, taking him by the hand, "lead the horse around to the shed," and away they walked together, leaving Donello to admire the sunset by himself.

"Who is that sport?" asked Gerty, as, still holding Miller's hand, she walked with him toward the driving shed.

"That's Billy Myers, a 'gam' from Pittsburg," answered Miller; "he's the right sort too."

"What is he after, Baby," continued Gerty, addressing her lover by his pet name.

"He has seen some of the stuff, and wants to make a dicker for a small lot to try how it goes. If he succeeds, he'll want lots more."

"I feel a little scary of strangers," said Gerty, pausing; "but, if you recommend him, Baby, I guess he's all right."

Shortly afterward, when the rig had been handed over to Paddy, the hostler, Gerty and her lover returned to the tavern, where Donello was formally introduced.

Donello was a particularly handsome man, of the swarthy type. His hair and eyes were black; his eyebrows and long, drooping mustache black; his skin a clear, deep olive, through which the rich glow of health showed with a bright though dusky crimson. He had a decidedly Southern accent, and evidently made rather more than a favorable impression on Gerty, who was peculiarly susceptible to manly beauty.

"He looks like a Spaniard, Baby," she whispered to Miller, "and he's pretty enough to steal."

"Don't try to make me jealous, Gerty," replied Miller, in a low tone, "for, if you do, you'll be sorry for it."

Gerty glanced into the lawyer's steely blue eyes, and saw that he was in deadly earnest. That was quite enough. Forbid a woman anything, and it is a safe bet that she will break her neck in striving for the forbidden fruit. From that moment Gerty made up her mind that "Billy Myers" should be numbered among her conquests if it cost a farm.

After a few drinks had circulated, Gerty broached the subject of his visit to Donello, who had scarcely said a word all evening.

"Say, 'Spaniard,'" she said, "what's come over you? Lost your tongue?"

"Oh, no," answered Donello, his large, melancholy eyes lighting up; "I was only thinking."

"What about?"

"You may be angry if I speak my thoughts," returned the detective, who had been fully aware of Gerty's admiring glances.

"No, I won't. Speak out."

"Well," answered Donello slowly, and in a very low voice, "I was just thinking what a lucky devil Mr. Driggs is." This gallant speech was accompanied with a languishing glance, and a deep sigh which seemed to come straight from the wily detective's heart.

Gerty actually made an attempt to blush, and, with a little satisfied smile, she quickly turned the conversation, when she noticed that Miller was watching her closely with a scowl on his brow black enough to be the precursor to a storm.

"Miller tells me you came here to get something," she said, after a pause.

"Not a great deal until I see whether I can get rid of it," answered Donello, delighted at such an easy opening.

"About thirty of them?" resumed Gerty, as she moved her chair a little closer to the handsome detective, a fact which did not escape Miller's jealous eye.

"Yes—that would be enough," answered Donello; "when can I get them?"

"Are you 'fixed'?" asked Gerty.

"Yes, I'll take them to-night if you will," said Donello, eager to make the opening move in the game he was playing.

"Oh, no, not to-night," said Gerty, hurriedly, with another blush and a coquettish downward glance; "come to-morrow afternoon. The old man will be in town," she added, in a whisper.

The Spaniard readily agreed to this proposition,

as on reflection he remembered that it would be as well that Billy Hall should see him enter the house, and also examine the counterfeits as soon as he left, for corroborative evidence.

"Good night, Spaniard," said Gerty, softly, when Donello and the lawyer rose to leave; "don't forget your engagement."

"I'll be on time," returned Donello, squeezing the soft little hand which lay in his.

When they were again on the road to town Miller was sulky. Donello was a silent man by nature and training, so the two miles were nearly passed before a word was spoken. Then Miller said, savagely:

"That's a d—d dirty trick you're playing me."

"What's that?" asked Donello, in surprise.

"Trying to knock my eye out with Gerty," the lawyer blurted out.

"You must be slightly off your base," returned the officer, with an amused little laugh; "I don't want her, and, what's more, you must be a fool to think that, even if I did, I would be so insane as to put myself in that little spitfire's power, in view of the work I'm engaged in."

Somewhat reassured by this view of the matter, Miller grew better tempered, and they parted good friends.

The next afternoon Billy Hall, who was industriously attempting to sell the "Saint's Rest" in the vicinity of Driggs' road house, had very little success in selling that exciting work, but he had the satisfaction of seeing Donello enter the tavern after

making a sign to him which meant "Wait till I come out."

Gerty, looking very pretty in a pale blue cashmere wrapper, was waiting in the parlor to receive him. Old Driggs was, so she told him, in Dayton, and the bar was in the temporary charge of old Paddy. "So you keep your engagements promptly, Spaniard," said the siren, making room for him beside her on the sofa.

"You knew I would, didn't you, Mrs. Driggs?"

"Oh shoot 'Mrs. Driggs!' why can't you call me Gerty, like the rest of the boys?" asked the lady, impatiently.

"Well, Gerty, then," said Donello, with his most "killing" glance.

"That sounds more natural." After a pause, "I like you, Spaniard," said Gerty, abruptly.

"Don't flatter," said Donello.

"But I do, and I want you to like me." As she said this she slipped her plump little hand into his and snuggled closer up to him. At this moment a colored woman came to the door and said:

"Dey aint no mo' sta'ch, Miss Driggs, and I clean fo'got to tell de boss befo' he went down town."

Gerty, who had quietly moved away from the detective as soon as the fat old cook made her appearance, was visibly annoyed.

"How on earth do you manage to forget things, Emma?"

"'Fo' Gawd, I kain't tell you, Missy. I didn't know we was out of hit twell I come to use it, and now I kain't go on wid de iunin' twell I git de sta'ch."

"Then, tell Pat's wife to go and get some at the grocery," said Gerty, giving the woman a quarter.

As soon as Emma was gone, Gerty closed the door and locked it.

"Do you want what you came for now?" she asked, reseating herself in a low rocking-chair, which she drew over beside the sofa where the detective sat.

"Yes," replied Donello, "for I have to get back to town pretty quick. I want to catch the six o'clock train for Pittsburg."

"You're in a hurry," said Gerty, with a meaning smile, "and I guess you'd better wait until it's over."

"My time has to suit yours," replied Donello, with equal meaning, but at the same time pulling out a roll of bills, from which he counted one hundred dollars in lawful currency.

Gerty went to the door and listened a moment, then to the window, and drew down the blind. She next held out her hand for the notes, saying:

"Money first, in case of fire."

Donello smiled again at this chestnut, and the lady counted the money over, put it in her pocket, and said:

"Supposing you were a detective, do you think you could find anything 'queer' in this house?"

"I don't know," returned the officer, quietly; "never having been a detective, I can't say."

"Well," resumed Gerty, "supposing you had searched the house thoroughly and found nothing, and then undertook to search me, where would you look?"

"I guess," answered Donello, somewhat embarrassed, "I guess I'd look in your pockets—if I could find them, and, if there was nothing there, I'd try the place where ladies usually hide things."

"My bosom?" asked Gerty, quickly. "Well, you wouldn't find a thing. Here is my purse."

As she said this, she sat down in the rocking-chair, drew up her skirts, exhibiting a shapely pair of limbs clad in black cashmere stockings. To the detective's astonishment, she slipped off her garter and deliberately rolled down her stocking. As this operation proceeded, Donello saw that her leg was wound around and around with the counterfeit bills.

Stripping a number of them off, she pulled up that stocking, replacing her garter, giving the detective rather more than a glimpse of dainty, lace-trimmed *lingerie*, and then rolled down the other stocking, stripping a number of notes from that leg and again replacing the stocking and gartering it.

"That's my bank," she said, pointing to her limbs, with a laugh.

"And a deuced pretty built bank it is," said Donello. Except for this compliment, the detective was to all appearance as unmoved as a bump on a log.

Gerty then counted the counterfeits, and said:

"I have drawn a bigger check than I meant to — I've got thirty-five of them. Never mind, you may keep the five extras, and maybe we can even up some other time."

"Thanks," said Donello, as he took the roll of "queer" without counting it, and shoved it into his pocket.

"Must you really go right away?" asked Gerty, going dangerously close to the officer, and laying her hand on his arm, while her hot breath touched his cheek as he looked down into her melting eyes.

At this moment a loud rap at the door interrupted the conversation, and old Driggs called out:

"Gerty! Gerty!"

"All right, Nelse," answered Gerty, as she sprang to the door and unlocked it. As Driggs entered, she said:

"The Spaniard and I have been doing business, so I locked the door, because Emma came in a few minutes ago, and I didn't know who might interrupt us next."

Nelse was perfectly satisfied with this explanation, and wanted Donello to wait for supper, but the latter explained that he wanted to reach Pittsburg at once, to commence operations, and so had to decline the invitation.

After promising to return as soon as the stuff was all gone, Donello left the road house and walked rapidly toward the electric railway. As he jumped on the car, Hall swung himself on beside him and asked: "You don't want to buy any books, I suppose?"

"No," answered Donello; "I bought all the literature I needed to-day."

Not a word beside this was said; the book agent becoming absorbed in one of his own books, while

the officer lighted a cigar and went to the rear seat to smoke.

It was well they were careful, for an innocent-looking country boy, who sat facing them, had been posted by Nelse Driggs to wait till the Spaniard made his appearance at the electric road, and watch to see whether he talked to any one or not. Concluding that the seeming book agent's question was simply in the way of business, the boy jumped off just as the conductor came around for the fares, and the two detectives exchanged glances which would have given them dead away, even to the country youth, had he remained long enough to see them.

CHAPTER IX.

THE YANKEE LAWYER.

A WEEK passed, and the Spaniard, in a new suit of clothes and looking exceedingly prosperous, returned to Dayton, and went direct to the Driggs Tavern.

"Hello, Spaniard," said the old man, as Donello entered the bar-room, "how are you feeling?"

"Good," said the detective, significantly.

"Did you bring anything back?" asked old Driggs, anxiously.

For reply, the silent Spaniard nodded his head affirmatively, at which intimation the old man's face fell.

"Why? Couldn't ye get rid of 'em?" he asked.

"Yes—every one. What I brought back is good stuff to buy more," was the detective's reassuring reply. At this Driggs said, excitedly:

"That's the talk! I was wonderin' how a bright feller like you could miss floatin' our beauties. Come, have a drink. The best in the house ain't none too good for you."

"I'll take a beer," answered Donello, quietly.

"Well, ye won't," protested Driggs; "you'll drink a glass of Clicquot with me and Gerty, or you'll drink nothin'."

Going to the foot of the stairs, he called "Gerty! Gerty! the Spaniard's here."

In a minute or two the lady appeared, looking as charming as usual, and, taking the detective's hand, she said :

"I'm glad to see you back, Spaniard : I was gettin' right lonesome for you."

"Hear that, will ye?" said Driggs, laughing. "I declare my woman's gettin' stuck on ye."

All that day Donello stopped around the tavern, but, with his usual taciturnity, saying nothing unless first spoken to. Gerty was much piqued at this, while Driggs was delighted. The officer did not even tell any alleged adventures about getting rid of the counterfeit bills. He simply said that they were all off his hands, and he wanted \$500 in "short green" this time.

"There's a man that'll grow rich in this business," said Nelse to Gerty; "he knows enough to keep his mouth shut, and nobody'll get a hold of any more of his affairs than he wants 'em to. Gimme a

silent man for a choice. Grant was a silent man, and see what he did."

"Yes—refused you a pardon when you were sent to Chester."

"I can't grumble at that. He had no excuse for it, and you bet I'd vote for him for president tomorrow if he was alive and runnin'."

That evening the "Spaniard" was again put through a course of Gerty's blandishments in the parlor with the door locked, with precisely the same result as before. The detective was an iceberg, and refused to thaw, even under the tropical glances of pretty Gerty Driggs' dark eyes. At length he said :

"Well, if you have that stuff handy, here's the collateral, and," producing a small parcel from his coat-tail pocket, "a couple of trinkets I got for you in New York."

Gerty opened the parcel, and, with an exclamation of delight, found that the present was a pair of handsome garters, with butterfly buckles set with Rhine stones. They looked simply dazzling in the gas-light.

"Nobody ever gave me anything that pleased me half so much!" she said. "But I ain't going to thank you for them."

Before the detective could divine her intention, she had thrown her arms impulsively about his neck and kissed him.

At this moment Nelse came to the door and called, "Gerty!" very softly.

"What is it, Nelse?" she asked, going to the door and opening it.

"Sep Miller's down-stairs and askin' for you. Most through with this deal?"

"Yes," she answered: "I've been trying to talk him into \$1,000 instead of \$500, but I can't do it. I'll give him the stuff now and be down in a minute."

"All right," said Driggs, going down-stairs again at once.

"There," she said, going back to the detective, who sat on the sofa at the opposite side of the room, "that pestering Sep Miller is here, and I'll have to go right down or he'll get mad. I think you're real mean."

"What for?" asked the detective, innocently.

"Well, never you mind, you are," said Gerty, as she produced the counterfeit notes from the same place as on the former occasion, but with her back turned to the officer this time.

After she had given Donello the fifty tens, she said:

"Now I'm going to give you one for luck, but you don't deserve it, you're so mean. As for those garters, they're just lovely, but I've a good mind not to let you see them after they're on."

Before Donello had time to assure the lady that he didn't care a continental whether she did or not, without knocking, Miller opened the door and entered the room.

"Hello, Sep!" said Gerty, with that ready adaptability to circumstances which was her chief

characteristic; "I was just coming down-stairs to see you."

Miller's face was black, but he stifled his temper, shook hands with Donello, and then, turning to Gerty, said:

"Get on your hat and come for a ride, Gerty; I've got a new mare, and she's a beauty."

"All right, Sep, I'll be ready in a minute," she replied, hurrying away to her room to get ready.

Donello saw them off, and returned immediately to Dayton. After that, when he went to the house, he did his trading with Driggs himself, who handed him over the "queer" in the bar-room.

Gerty had gone back on him, and retransferred her affections to Miller.

Toward the middle of May, Donello was obliged to relinquish the case on account of the serious illness of his wife. He had never succeeded in catching sight of Guyon, and the chief almost began to believe that all the notes "shoved" so far had been of the '79 issue. However, though there was plenty of evidence to settle Driggs and his wife, he was determined that, if Guyon was in the firm, he was going to get him.

John S. Bell was a man without one atom of indecision in his whole composition, and his favorite mode of action in a dilemma was to seize it by both horns. It is not to be understood that he was either precipitate or incautious; on the contrary, he never made a move without fully weighing both sides of the case, but it did not take him a week to make up his mind. Within a few hours of receiv-

ing Donello's letter asking for leave of absence in his serious domestic crisis, the necessary permission had been wired, and the chief himself was bowling along toward Connecticut, as fast as the night express would take him.

He arrived in Hartford the following morning with his whole plan worked out, even down to the smallest detail.

That was a busy day for him.

The first move was to look for a vacant office suitable for a lawyer, and one was found at 66 State street which exactly answered his purpose; so, in the name of Andrew McWilliams, he paid a month's rent in advance and took possession.

One of his men, Officer McManus, was "hired" as clerk, and to him was intrusted the task of procuring suitable furniture, carpet, desk, tables, book-case, books and other things, including a typewriter, to make the place look like the office of a prosperous lawyer who had plenty of his client's funds in his hands to loan upon improved real property.

While McManus was chasing around to get the necessary articles, his chief went to a sign-writer and gave his order for a "shingle," which must be dry and ready to hang out by that night.

He next went to a job printer and ordered a quantity of letter-heads, envelopes and business cards, so that by night he had an elegantly furnished office, and above the door hung a modest sign which announced that within was to be found —

ANDREW McWILLIAMS,

Law Office.

MONEY TO LOAN ON FIRST MORTGAGES.

Room 11.

The type-writer came, and Officer McManus improved the shining hours and his English composition by writing letters to "Andrew McWilliams" on the office paper of sundry lawyers, merchants, doctors and others, living in various parts of the Eastern States, in reference to certain imaginary loans and legal matters. These were put into stamped and directed envelopes, and inclosed, with instructions to mail, in other envelopes, and then dispatched to secret service officers all over the country.

Room 11 was on the third floor, and, as the letters, when they arrived, were given to the elevator man for delivery, that individual came to the conclusion that the new tenant was doing a roaring trade, and wondered how many millions he had to lend.

Meanwhile McManus was busy all the time. The "click, click," of the type-writer was heard incessantly from morning till night, and the other tenants on that floor remarked to each other what a thundering big correspondence this man McWilliams must have. They little suspected that the big mails which they sometimes saw in the elevator were the product of Billy McManus' tireless energy.

All kinds of letter clips were hung around the office — stuffed full of letters, some in hand and

others in type-writing, and, in fact, the office seemed to be what its sign purported—that of a successful investment lawyer.

As soon as the chief saw that his explicit instructions were in a fair way to be carried out, and that McManus thoroughly grasped the situation, he started for Shelbyville, Indiana, arriving there on the very morning of the trial of Howell and Howery, "shovers." That evening, having found out where Miller was putting up, he called on the lawyer and sent up his card, which read :

ANDREW McWILLIAMS,

ATTORNEY, &c.

Office:—Room 11,

66 STATE STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.

Money to Loan. Best Rates.

The bell-boy returned in a few minutes saying that Mr. Miller was very tired, and wanted to know whether it was anything of much importance.

"Of course it's important, or I wouldn't be here; you go up-stairs, and I'll go with you," said the chief.

A few minutes later he knocked on Miller's door, and, on being bidden "come in," entered. The lawyer was sitting at a table with a couple of open law books before him, and appeared to be working very hard, indeed.

"Why," he exclaimed, recognizing the chief instantly, "I didn't expect you here; you'll have to

excuse me for some little time, though, for a man named McWilliams wants to see me on business."

"Yes, I know all about that, Miller; sit down."

"But this man McWilliams—" began Miller.

"Oh, he's all right; I'm Mr. McWilliams, lawyer, of Hartford, Connecticut."

"You? What turn of the cards are you working now?"

"Same old thing, and you've got to help me again."

"That's all right; I'm perfectly willing this time."

"Hello! A change seems to have come over the spirit of your dream. What's the matter?"

Miller looked undecided for half a minute, as if he didn't know whether to talk or keep silent. At last he blurted out:

"I'm through with Gerty. She is dead gone on that man of yours I took to the tavern, and he is away on the inside track. Then the double-faced huzzy turned around, as soon as she saw that I spotted the business and was mad, and tried to make me believe I was the only man in the world for her, and all that kind of thing. If there is anything I hate, it is a deceitful woman. I have no use for Gerty—I tell you that right now."

From Donello's daily report, the chief knew all about Miller's jealousy, but thought that the trouble was all made up between the lawyer and his mistress, as did Gerty herself. She did not suspect him of harboring malice on account of her little flirtation with "Billy Myers, the gambler," *alias* the "Spaniard."

The upshot of the matter was that Miller fell readily into the chief's plan, and a new story, or "song and dance," as the lawyer called it, was agreed upon between them for the especial benefit of cunning old man Driggs and his equally shrewd and pretty wife.

The next day both the coniackers were found guilty, and sentenced to two and five years respectively; and in the evening their lawyer returned to Dayton.

He went to the tavern on Homewood avenue as soon as he arrived, ostensibly to report to old man Driggs—in reality to pave the way for the introduction of the chief of Uncle Sam's boys, under the alias of Lawyer McWilliams, from Hartford.

Driggs and his wife were both in the bar, and alone, when he arrived, and he received his usual warm welcome from both of them. After telling how impossible it was to get their friends out of the law's clutches, and pointing out how light the sentences were, as compared with what they might have been, he said:

"Well, it can't be helped; the boys have gone over the road, but I have another customer for you who can get rid of more stuff in a week than both of them together could in a month."

"That's good news, anyway," remarked Gerty.

"And what is more," Miller continued, "it's in a section of country where this stuff hasn't even been heard of yet, let alone seen."

"That's better news," said Nelson Driggs. "We've worked some sections too hard. Now,

my idea of this business is to put two or three good people into a section, cut 'em loose for a week, and then jump 'em five hundred miles, never goin' to the first district again for six months or a year. Ef they keep a-crackin' and a-crackin' at one spot all the time, somethin's bound to git broke. That's the way I calculate."

"Well, who is your party?" asked Gerty, whose curiosity was aroused. "I was just telling the old man to-night that I'd have to jump on the road again and do the blonde act, the dudey, and so forth. When it comes to 'shinning,' I can pass as much stuff in a day as most of them do in a week, but three days in a good big town once a year is my limit."

"You're goin' to stop right here, and be a lady," said Driggs, who didn't want his wife put away between four walls. It must be remembered that he was almost eighty years of age, and, having got used to the many little comforts and attentions she was able to give him, naturally shrank from the prospect of losing her, even though he knew her to be unfaithful.

"Oh, that's all right, Nelse — but let us hear who Miller's man is," interrupted Gerty.

"He's an old friend of mine; in fact, one of the best friends I have in the world, and a man I had no notion of seeing when I left Dayton."

"What's his name, Sep?" asked Driggs, who was much taken with the fact that the new victim was a warm personal friend of Miller's, whom he secretly detested.

"Andy McWilliams. He's a lawyer in Hartford, Connecticut, running a big business, and his specialty is making loans to farmers for his rich clients. Why, he's the very man you want."

"How did you get to see him?" asked Gerty.

"He was on his way to Chicago, and telegraphed me to meet him in Indianapolis," replied the lawyer; "but, as I was in Shelbyville, and he was rich, I wired him to come on there. We hadn't met before in four or five years, and I knew he'd come; so, sure enough, he called on me the night of the trial at the hotel, and sent up his card—wait, I think I have it with me—yes, here it is. Well, you'd better believe we had a high old time that night; I got to bed at about 4 a. m., with a head on me like a bushel basket."

"How did you come to mention this business?" asked Driggs.

"Why, it was the simplest thing in the world. I pulled out some money at the bar to pay for a drink, and was about to lay it down when I saw what it was; 'Hold on,' I said, 'give that back; I don't want to get locked up.' 'Why,' asked Mac, picking up the bill, 'what's the matter with that?' 'Counterfeit,' said I, 'that's all. I am up here defending a couple of fellows who are charged with circulating these things.' Well, he looked at it pretty carefully, not saying anything at the time, but next day, after the poor boys were settled, he asked me to show it to him again.

"'How did you get it?' said he.

"'Why, when the police searched them, they

overlooked this one,' said I, 'and so they gave it to me to keep, so that it would not be found on them.'

" 'Well,' said Mac, after a mighty careful look, 'it's good.' With that he pushed out two bills of the same issue, and mixed them up. He tried his best, and couldn't pick out his from mine, and I had to show him which was which."

" Well, says Mack, if I had some of that money down in Hartford, I could work it off as easy as rolling off a log. I'd take it out on the race track for one place, and work it on the bookmakers during the excitement ; but, better than that, I could spread it easily among the farmers. So I told him if he'd come down to Dayton, I might be able to get him some."

Driggs and Gerty listened attentively to this plausible story, and then the old man put Miller through a cross-examination, which, as Miller was a ready liar and had a good memory, only served to strengthen its probability. Gerty accepted the yarn at its face value from the first, and was impatient of Nelse's questions.

" Anybody'd think Sep was lying to hear you," she declared, looking at the card Miller had given her. " When is Mac coming ?" she continued, turning to the attorney.

" He was to come to-morrow if nothing happened to prevent him," answered Miller, glad that Gerty swallowed the bait so eagerly.

Sure enough, the next afternoon, Miller drove out with Chief Bell to the road house, and the lat-

ter was at once introduced as "Andrew McWilliams, of Hartford."

When the introduction was made, the chief pulled out his card case, and, handing a couple of his business cards to Driggs, said :

"Stick up one of these in your card rack, and, if you have any friends who want to raise money on good property, recommend me."

"Certain," said Driggs, taking the cards, putting on his glasses, and examining one of them.

The subject of the "queer" money was cautiously introduced by the chief, and, after a close lot of questioning, Driggs elicited the same story from the supposed Yankee lawyer as Miller had already told.

Late in the evening Gerty went up-stairs, and returned in a few minutes with thirty-five crisp new bills.

When she returned to the sitting-room, where the chief, Driggs, and Miller were sitting, she said :

"These don't look quite so good as the one Sep showed you!"

"No," said the chief, looking at them as she held them up for his inspection ; "I should say not. They are all shiny, and somehow they don't look right. I don't think they could be passed."

"You wait till I get through fixing them, and then see. They look altogether too new to be genuine, that is the principal trouble, and they are a little off color as well."

She then went to the kitchen, and returned in a

few minutes with a tin dish full of tobacco tea, and a bottle of glycerine.

"What are you going to do now?" asked the chief, who was intensely interested in the proceedings, for no detective had ever before witnessed any part of the process by which bogus bills are manufactured.

"I'm going to give you a free show," laughed Gerty, who was very vain of her figure, and not so far afflicted with modesty as to be chary in showing it. "I am going to transform these bills," she continued, "so that they will be accepted anywhere, unless a close description of how to tell them from the genuine has been furnished to the person who takes them."

She then placed the tobacco water on the table, and drew a chair up to it. The blinds were pulled down, and Driggs was stationed outside the door to see that no one interrupted the business in hand, and then Gerty seated herself, laying the pile of notes beside the tin dish, and uncorking the glycerine bottle.

"Now, Mac," she said, "just pull that lamp a little nearer, and watch me while I give you a lesson in coniacking."

The chief did as directed, and was then startled by Gerty pulling up her skirts to a perfectly scandalous height.

"Is that part of the business?" he asked, quietly.

"You bet it is," she replied, with a giggle, "and a very important part too — eh, Sep?"

"Rather," answered Sep, with a laugh, in which the chief detected a mocking ring, which was entirely lost on the beautiful but abandoned woman.

As she turned down her stocking, Miller caught sight of the handsome garter buckles which Donello had given her, and asked:

"Where did you get the jeweled garters, Gertie?"

"Why, haven't you seen those before?" she asked, somewhat surprised.

"No, I haven't," he replied, in a surly tone of voice.

Gerty noticed this, and the spirit of mischief prompted her to tease him; so she said:

"They were a present from the Spaniard. That's the kind of a friend I like — as handsome as he can live, and a fellow who knows how to treat a girl."

Miller was sulky from that time until he went home, and consoled himself by the thought of his soon coming revenge, when Gerty and the Spaniard would be separated for some time to come.

During this conversation the chief was watching interestedly Gerty's manipulation of the notes. First they were soaked for a few minutes in the tobacco water, and then she laid the note out flat on her bare thigh lengthwise, and, after smearing her hand with glycerine, proceeded to rub the counterfeit vigorously from her.

"Why do you do that?" asked Bell.

"To take the gloss off and give the color, and soften the paper," she told him. "You see," she continued, "the paper the government notes are

on is made of silk by a peculiar process. Now, we can't make a good imitation of silk pulp paper, because it is not used for anything but bank notes, and the secret is only known to one firm. But there are plenty of linen paper makers who can do almost anything in imitating other papers, so one of these fellows who runs a little paper-mill of his own, makes this fiber by hand. He sells it to us, and makes a big profit."

"Why doesn't he get the color right?" asked the chief, who was bent on learning as much as he could of the outside members of the gang.

"He comes as close as he can in linen pulp and fiber, but we have to help him out. What do you suppose is the first thing we print?"

"The green back?" asked the chief, who knew better, but wanted to draw the woman out as much as possible, by seeming entirely ignorant of the whole business.

"That's what the government sharks think," said Gerty, "but it isn't. We have a plate engraved just like the fiber of the genuine paper, and we print an impression of that on each side of the paper before another thing is done."

All this time she was working away skillfully on the counterfeits, which, after they had passed through her hands, presented the appearance of genuine notes.

"These look elegant," remarked the chief, handling those notes which Gerty had finished up.

"Yes," answered the woman, "they are pretty near as nice as the blokes in Washington turn out."

"It's a very interesting process," said the chief, with a smile; "particularly this part of it—that is, when a pretty woman is doing the finishing."

Miller glowered at this remark, while Gerty said, with a giggle:

"Oh, I'm not at all struck with my own shape, although I've seen plenty worse; but the job has to be done just this way. You see it keeps the paper warm on both sides, and makes the syrup take better."

At length the thirty-five tens were finished up, and Gerty said:

"Now, Sep, this gentleman is your friend, and I've taken him into the gang on your recommend. If you can vouch for him, he's all right, so I want you to hand him the stuff, and take his money."

Sep Miller was quite deep enough in the transaction to suit him, and he did not propose to put in Chief Bell's hands another rod for his own back. He did not take a second to consider the proposition. He declined at once, and said:

"Oh, no, Gerty—you know very well that I have never handled the stuff, and never will. I don't want Mac here to touch it, but he will do it in spite of me, and I can't tie a rope to him."

"What's the matter with you? Are you scared of your own friend?" asked Gerty, annoyed that her lover should refuse to do anything she asked him, even to handling the crooked money at her request.

"I'm no more scared of Mac than I am of any one else—not as much," replied Miller, quickly;

"but you know I never handled a dollar of it, and never will."

"That's true enough," answered Gerty, with a sneer; "but you've helped to spend many a dollar earned by it."

This sneering sarcasm only had the effect of making the attorney more remorseless in betraying Gerty, along with the rest of the gang, into the hands of the officers.

He made no reply to the humiliating remark, but changed the subject by saying:

"Well, Mac, it's about twelve o'clock, and, if you want to see the town, we'd better be moving."

Thereupon the chief turned over \$117.50 of Uncle Sam's good money, and received in exchange \$350 in counterfeit bills, which, if circulated, would in the end surely rob some members of this great American commonwealth. For Uncle Sam can no more be expected to honor forgeries on his credit than a merchant can be expected to take up all the forged paper that any scoundrel may choose to negotiate with the merchant's name apparently signed to it. The only thing Uncle Sam can do under the circumstances is just what he was doing all through this case, to instruct his boys that they must spare neither money, personal inconvenience, nor life itself, to put these infamous scoundrels in a place so secure that they could not issue any more of the bogus stuff.

In speaking of this point, it must be remembered that any man who gets into a nest of counterfeitors only does so by taking his life in his hands.

If either Nelse or Gerty Driggs, both of whom were armed, had suspected Chief Bell after the counterfeits were shown, he would have been a dead man before he had time to draw a weapon, and Miller would have followed him into eternity to a moral certainty.

"Well," said the chief, after he had rolled up the bills and put them in his vest pocket, "I guess we'd better get back to town."

"Yes," assented Miller, "especially as I am going to leave the mare here to-night, and the last car on the electric passes at five minutes past twelve."

The *adieu*x were made, and the chief said he would go to Hartford next day, and return as soon as he had worked off the \$350.

As they left the road house to walk to the street-car line, a silent, stealthy figure glided out of the darkness opposite, and, as they reached the sidewalk, the shadow passed them. It was Billy Hall, who had seen their arrival, and waited with the patience of a Choctaw Indian to see them leave.

Surmising that they were going to catch the last car, he kept a little in advance of the chief and his companion until the railway was reached. As they boarded the car, he swung himself on and took a seat facing the rear, where the chief sat on the dashboard smoking a cigar.

Miller, who was still in a savage frame of mind about Gerty's conduct, occupied the rear seat, and, while his attention was attracted to something on

the railway platform, Bell flashed his roll of bogus money to Hall, who was thus assured that the chief had succeeded in gaining the confidence of the coniackers.

CHAPTER X.

JIM GUYON AT LAST.

THE chief went East to New York, took a run up to Hartford, and then, after being gone a week, returned to Dayton.

"Hello, Mac," said Gerty, as he entered the sitting-room one morning; "shake hands. How did you get along?"

"First rate," answered Bell, taking the proffered hand. "I got rid of it all, and as far as I can hear, no one suspected anything wrong."

"How did you shove it?" was the next question.

"As I told you I would. I got eight of them in at the trotting meeting the first day I got home, and not only that, but I trebled my money, getting back two of the queer ones in the pool. The next day I plunged ten of them with a bookmaker, just as the bell rang, and I'm blamed if I didn't win again. Then an old 'sooner' from the country raised a loan from me, and carried four of them off in his wallet. Two of them went to my clerk in his month's salary, and just for curiosity I kept track of one of them. He paid it to his landlord, who is a client of mine, and that same afternoon I

saw it among some other money handed in at the Third National Bank."

"Did they refuse it?"

"Not a bit of it. The teller took it as a cat takes cream, without any suspicion, and he is counted the quickest man in the State on catching counterfeits. When I saw the stuff go by him all right, I was mighty well pleased, I can tell you."

"I'm just going to make a trip to Hartford myself," Gerty declared. "I could shove about a thousand dollars on them if they take it so easy. That's because they haven't seen the bill before."

"Yes," rejoined the chief; "you want to jump my claim and gobble my territory. That isn't a square deal, Gerty. I ought to have the show in the East as long as I buy plenty of your stuff. Besides, suppose some one traced a counterfeit to me, I'd never be suspected of anything wrong, on account of my position and good reputation. They'd think I had been victimized myself, and, you bet, I'd take it back mighty quick, and give up my long green for it, too. Now, if they got you at it, you'd be jugged in a holy minute. They'd jump right on you for a 'shover,' and send you up Salt Creek as sure as the world."

This last argument had due weight with Gerty, but, making a virtue of necessity, she said:

"I'm not afraid of being 'pinched,' because I do my work too slick for that. They'd never trace anything to me, because I'd never be the same person two days running, and, of course, I'd change my hotel every day."

"Disguises, eh?"

"Yes, plenty of them, and all dandies. But what you say about the East being yours as long as you work it well, and buy lots of stuff, is right; I'm a square woman, and wouldn't do anything mean for the world."

"That's right, Gerty—it does not pay in the long run to do the sneak act," said the chief, who knew she wouldn't hesitate to do anything for money, but that her dread of the penitentiary was what troubled her principally.

"When are you going East again?" she asked, after a pause.

"As soon as I get my stuff, I guess," replied Bell.

"How much do you want this time?" inquired Gerty.

"Well, seeing I've done so well with what I had, I want \$1,000 this trip."

"We haven't got that much on hand just now, but we can get it in a few days," replied Gerty, delighted at the size of this "order." "Where are you going to stop while you are in Dayton?" she continued.

"At the same place, I suppose," answered the chief, not seeing what she was driving at.

"Why not stop here?" inquired Gerty. "You don't want to make yourself too conspicuous running back and forth from here to Dayton. You are so tall, and your hair, and all, might attract attention."

"Very well, I had just as soon stop here as not,"

agreed Bell, who was very glad of an opportunity to look out at close quarters for Jim Guyon.

"I'll just go down town and get my valise, and be back in a couple of hours," he said, after thinking a minute.

"All right," said Gerty; "I think that will be the safer way."

While the chief was gone for his valise, who should make appearance but Donello.

"Well, for heaven's sake, Spaniard! where have you been keeping yourself?" said Gerty, as he came into the house.

"I've been on the sick-list," answered the detective, whose looks did not belie his words. He was pale, thin, with big, dark rings around his eyes, while he had a nervous look of being generally "broke up." He had nursed his wife through a dangerous illness, and the constant watching and anxiety had left their marks upon him.

"You are looking pretty bad, anyway," said Gerty, sympathetically. "Sit down, and I'll bring you a nice little drink. It'll do you good."

"I'm still solid there," said Donello to himself as Gerty left the sitting-room. A few minutes later she returned with a decanter of port wine and two glasses.

"There," she said, pouring out a glass of the ruby fluid; "that's what you need, and plenty of it. That is what the doctors always order for invalids."

"Thanks, Gerty," said the officer, raising the glass to his lips; "here's success to our gang."

"To you," she replied, touching his glass with

the edge of hers, and giving him a languishing glance.

"That is good stuff," remarked Donello, setting down his glass and refilling it; "I feel stronger already."

"If I had you here to take care of for a week," suggested Gerty, in her prettiest manner, "I'd have you as strong and handsome—I mean as strong and well as you ever were."

"Yes, and have your friend Sep Miller put a nice little 44-bullet through me! Oh no; I'd sooner stop sick at that rate."

"That man's a crank," asserted Gerty, unblushingly; "he has no claim on me. I never had anything to do with him, but he goes green if another man looks at me. I believe if anything happened to Nelse, he'd want to marry me" (with affected simplicity), "but I wouldn't look at him if a certain other person was above ground."

What could Donello do after such a "break" as this? He could not afford to antagonize the woman, on account of the case, so he simply slipped his arm around her and gave her a squeeze. He didn't mean any harm by it. The woman just threw herself at his head, and he couldn't help himself.

After a little further conversation, the detective succeeded in getting a small supply of the money which was handed to him by Driggs, who came in while the confab was in progress, and, making an excuse, he left the tavern before the chief returned.

For two days Chief Bell stopped with the interesting Driggs family, and with what patience he might, waited for the expected counterfeits. By the third day he was even more in the good graces of the old man than in those of Gerty, for which fact there was no accounting at the time. It afterwards transpired that Driggs had written to a confidential friend of his in Hartford, asking whether there was a lawyer at 66 State street named Andrew McWilliams, and the friend had sent an affirmative answer, which arrived on the second day of the chief's stay in the road house.

The time was passed in conversations on general topics, business being rarely alluded to. At length, on the afternoon of the fourth day, McWilliams, who devoted most of his attention to the old man, said:

"I say, Nelse, this kind of work don't pay. Here I am, neglecting my own business, for my clerk doesn't know where on earth I am, and it begins to look as if I were here for nothing. When is that stuff going to turn up?"

"I don't know what is keepin' my pardner," replied the old man; "he had ought to have been here to-day."

"Can't you send him word that I must get away?" asked the chief; "I don't much like stopping around here, anyway. If anything happened to you, I might be spotted and run down, and you may bet your sweet life I don't want any of that in mine."

"Tell you what I'll do," said the old man, knock-

ing the ashes out of his pipe; "I'll go to town and telegraph him to come right along."

"That would be a smart trick," put in the chief, you might as well ask the chief of police to notify him at once."

"Oh no," answered Driggs, smiling; "I'm too old a bird to do any fool tricks. You come with me and see the telegram. If anybody except my man can make anything out of the message, I'll make you a present of what he brings."

This exactly suited the chief, so he and Driggs went at once to the nearest telegraph office, where Driggs wrote out the following message:

"*To Mr. J. Dusenberry,
182 John St.,
Cincinnati, O.*

"Bring up your old clothes.

"N. D."

When he had finished writing this singular communication, he handed it to Bell, who read it with a perplexed look.

"What does it mean?" he asked, at the same time fixing "Dusenberry, 182 John St., Cincinnati," firmly in his mind.

"Simplest thing in the world," returned Driggs, with a smile, "when you know how to read it. B stands for 1, c for 2, and so on up to 9. Then, o stands for cipher. The letter that commences the message is B — that means 1. How many o's are there in the whole thing?"

"Three," answered Bell, counting them.

"Very well," continued Driggs, "then, that means B and three o's, or \$1,000. The whole sense of the message is 'Come,' for he couldn't 'bring up his old clothes' without coming — see?"

Bell praised the ingenuity of this cryptogram, feeling secretly well pleased with his success in at last finding out Jim Guyon's whereabouts.

The chief made several attempts to get away from Driggs long enough to send a cipher message to his men in Cincinnati, instructing them to shadow Mr. Dusenberry, of 182 John street, but the old fellow stuck to him closer than a marrying widow, and rendered this course impossible. After reflection showed Bell that this was for the best, after all. The only description they had of Guyon was ten years old, and it was not to be supposed that his appearance had not been skillfully changed in the meantime, to say nothing of time's ravages, so that, without making inquiries which might frighten away the much-sought-for bird, it would be useless to look for Guyon, *alias* Dusenberry.

The next afternoon, while Mrs. Driggs was chatting to the chief, Driggs entered the parlor with a tall, thin man with a bronzed face and peculiarly alert, glittering eyes. He wore a long gray beard, reaching almost to his waist, and was dressed in rough clothing. His appearance was that of a mechanic in the building trade dressed in his working clothes. He appeared to be about fifty years of age, and the deep lines in his rugged face denoted a strong character, while the restless, furtive eyes suggested cunning, and quickness of action.

The chief was holding Gerty's baby on his knee, which, by the way, was reported to be Driggs' youngster, though it somehow or other bore quite a resemblance to Miller the attorney, and probably for this reason the old man never took the slightest notice of the child except when it cried. As Driggs entered with the stranger the chief set the baby on the floor, and the old man said :

"Mr. Dusenberry, Mr. Jones, of Boston."

"Happy to shake hands with you, Mr. Dusenberry," said the chief, at the same time fairly aching to "collar" the scoundrel there and then; "I've been waiting for you for quite a while."

If Jim Guyon had suspected how much trouble "Mr. Jones" had been at to meet him, he would have taken chances on jumping out of a second-story window there and then.

After a few commonplace remarks, among which Jim did not mention the counterfeit money, and the chief did not dare to, as Jim was such a shy creature, the latter and Mr. Driggs retired to another room, where they held a long confab, during which Guyon asked any amount of questions about Mr. Jones, and Gerty said:

"Nelse only called him Jones to save his feelings. That is McWilliams, the lawyer, of Hartford, the man who has been so lucky in 'shoving' the stuff. He is all right, for Nelse wrote to Charlie Turner about him, and got a letter saying he was straight."

"I never said they wasn't a lawyer named McWilliams, in Hartford. This yere man may be some detective playin' off he's McWilliams, for all

you know. Anyhow, he aint goin' to see me with the stuff, so you can hand it over to him yourself, or else let Nelse do it."

" Nobody asked you," replied Gerty. " Mac was introduced by my friend, and what Sep says *goes*."

" Mighty stuck on Sep, ain't you, Gerty?"

" Well, if I am, it's none of your funeral."

" Oh, I know — you and 'Lise are alike as two peas — you'd like a dozen husbands apiece, but wouldn't have one of 'em say a word to another woman."

" Oh, you're sore because 'Lise shook you — that's what ails you," returned Gerty, disagreeably. " If any man took my wife away from me, I'd go and knock seven kinds of tar out of him, that's what I'd do. I'd like to see any woman fool with Sep or Nelse, that's all."

This speech bore fruit later on. The interview terminated by Jim handing over the notes to Gerty, who went back to the parlor, where she found the chief still playing with the baby. Nelse had gone down to the bar-room in answer to a call.

" Here's the stuff, Mac," she said, as she closed the door carefully after her. " Where's your boodle?"

The detective handed out the proper amount of Uncle Sam's money, and carefully counted the counterfeits.

" There is one short," he said, as he concluded this operation, " but that's all right."

" Let me count," said Gerty, taking the pile. " You are right," she said; " Jim has made a mistake, but I'll fix it."

Then, from her usual hiding place, she produced two more of the bills, and said :

"There, I'm more liberal than the government, and give better measure."

As Bell put the stuff into his pockets he thought to himself that the government would treat this charming woman liberally enough — in the matter of sentence as soon as it laid hands on her.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said, as he stowed away the last of the "cargo" in his breast pocket ; "in case of anything happening, I'd like to have a good big pile of this stuff. It would be a good investment for me, because, if anything did happen, I could hide it away for a couple of years, and then run it all off in a few weeks through agents. I have a scheme in my head that would use up about \$25,000 of the stuff."

"That's a good sized pile, and you'll have to see Nelse about it," said Gerty, who had been counting the cash received from Bell.

The next day, after two or three conversations with "Dusenberry" anent the large amount, the latter left for Cincinnati, leaving Driggs to dicker with "McWilliams," whom he now knew by this name.

"It's a big lot of stuff," said Driggs, while talking it over the next day, "and we haven't got that much or near it on hand. You see, what you've been usin' so far is stuff that was printed up ten years ago, when that d——d Cap Hall 'lagged' me. We'll have to print up a new issue."

"It'll pay you all right enough," remarked the chief.

"Regular rates?" asked Driggs.

"Not much. I couldn't afford to lay out eighty-three hundred dollars and run the risk of not being able to use it for perhaps five years, and the further one of doing time for it after all."

"What is your best offer?"

"I'll give you twenty per cent. of the face value of the stuff, \$25,000, and, if I take it all in one lump and pay cash for it, I want one and a half per cent. off my payment for cash. The fact is, I am not acting entirely for myself in this thing. There are other parties in it that I know and can trust" (how true this was!); "so I want some little rake-off for myself, which the one and a half per cent. will just make up."

Nelse took out a pencil, and on the back of one of his business cards figured out what this would come to. As he concluded his arithmetical problem, he said:

"It means just \$5,000 for the stuff and \$75 for the rake-off. That's a mighty close bargain you want to drive, mister."

"It's business, that's all. I want to buy, and I've made my best offer to save all haggling. If I get the stuff at that rate, I'll take it. If I don't, I'll quit the business, and that settles it."

After some further talk, Driggs, who had been cautioned by Guyon that he intended to investigate McWilliams thoroughly before going into any further deals with him, said that he would have to see

Dusenberry about it, and find out whether he was willing to do the printing.

That afternoon the chief left for the East with his newly acquired roll of "bogus," ostensibly to introduce it into national circulation.

CHAPTER XI.

A COUNTERFEITER'S DETECTIVE.

WHEN Jim Guyon returned to Cincinnati, he was armed with one of the "Andrew McWilliams" business cards; and, as the train sped along, he rapidly formed and discarded a dozen plans for finding out all about this money-lending lawyer.

He had left Dayton on account of the latter's presence there, and the day after his arrival at 182 John street, was surprised by receiving a telegram which read :

" Mac gone East. Come back. Most important.

" N. D."

He was the more willing to return because he had been unable to hit on a plan which exactly suited him. As he was much handier with his little plate press than with the mysteries of letter-writing, he was only too glad of an excuse to return to Dayton and call in the assistance of Nelse Driggs' long head. Accordingly he took the next train, and a few hours later was in consultation with the old man again.

" What do you propose ? " he asked.

"I'll tell you," said Nelse, after thinking over the matter. "Johnny Graham, the 'con' man, is a friend of mine, and as keen as a blade. I'll write him again to-night, and get him to look into this man's business thoroughly. I believe he's square, and, if he ain't, we can find out easily. I had a brother in Hartford, and visited him fifty-one years ago. Now, I remember just where his farm was, and by this time I reckon it must be in the city limits, though I don't know, for I haven't been there since, and my brother has been dead these forty years."

"Well, this man McWilliams is in the real estate and loan business, accordin' to his business card. I'll get Johnny, who is a good looker, to go to him and let on he wants to buy lots in this property, and pretend he thinks Mac owns them. If he's the same man, Johnny'll know him by my description, and, if there's anything wrong about him, Johnny'll drop to it quick."

"Old man," said Guyon, admiringly, "you've got a great old head on you. That's the very scheme—crafty act, crafty act."

"Well, that bein' settled," resumed the old man, "what about Mac's proposal, supposin' he turns out to be all right?"

"He's a wolf; that's all I think about that," was the emphatic answer. "He has us more or less by the hair, and thinks he can cinch us. I'll get up the stuff for him, and, if we can't get his \$4,725 any other way, I suppose we'll have to let him have the goods. But it gravels me like h— to part with the pretties so cheap."

"Me too," assented the old man. "Maybe we could work the sawdust trick on him?"

"I'm afraid not," replied Jim, "and, anyhow, he's a pretty determined-looking fellow, and might take it into his head to squeal. You know blamed well the government 'u'd give any man a free pardon to turn us up."

"Well, you go on and fix up the stuff, anyway, and I'll see what I can think of to 'do him' on the big deal," said Driggs, and then the precious pair parted.

Two days later, officer Byron K. O'Dwyer was standing in front of number 66 State street, Hartford, Conn. Chief Bell had posted him there in anticipation of some investigating committee visiting him on behalf of the coniackers. O'Dwyer was in the act of lighting a cigar, when a well-dressed man, about thirty-five years of age, stepped up to him and said:

"Has Andrew McWilliams got an office in this building?"

"Yes," replied the officer, pointing up to the sign, "room 11, third floor."

The stranger entered the building, walked to the elevator, and was whirled rapidly up to the floor on which the office was situated.

The door of room 11 was open, and, looking in, he saw "clerk" McManus working away like steam. On the desk before him was a mass of correspondence, which he was sorting and filing away on a letter-file.

Graham watched him for a moment, thinking

himself unobserved, and then entered. McManus, though, had taken him all in in a little mirror above the desk, hung there for just that purpose.

"Is McWilliams in?" asked Graham.

"No; he is not," replied McManus, without looking up from his work; "he is in Boston, and I don't expect him back before to-morrow."

"I'm sorry for that—I wanted to see him on important business," asserted Graham, who was engaged in looking over the supposed clerk's shoulder at the letters, circulars, etc., to assure himself that they were genuine.

"Is there anything that I can do for you?" asked McManus, pushing back his chair; "if it's anything very pressing, perhaps I can do what is needed, until Mr. McWilliams returns from Boston to-morrow."

"It isn't as important as that," said Graham, who by this time was convinced that the correspondence, at any rate, was all regular. "What time do you expect him?"

"By the first train."

"Then, I'll be around early to see him. Good day," and Johnny Graham, confidence man, swindler, and at times sneak thief, lounged out of the room with all the careless swagger of a millionaire.

No sooner had he gone, than McManus, who had recognized Mr. Graham from his picture in the rogue's gallery, called a district telegraph boy, and wired the following message to the chief in New York:

"Party here to see you.

"McMANUS."

On receipt of this, Mr. Bell jumped on the first train, and when, in the morning, he entered his office in Hartford at nine o'clock, Mr. Johnny Graham was there already and waiting for him.

Without taking the slightest notice of his visitor, beyond a "good morning," for McManus had purposely left Graham alone in the office, so that he might read some of the letters if he wanted to, and thus satisfy himself of the genuineness of the business being here conducted, the chief sat down at the desk, and opened the top letter of a big bunch of mail.

Mr. Graham made no remarks. He was engaged in mentally comparing McWilliams with the description furnished by Driggs.

After Bell had read the letter, he commenced to write a reply, which was soon finished. He then opened another letter, read it, and, on finishing his perusal, touched a little bell on his desk.

McManus appeared immediately and, as he entered the room, said:

"This gentleman called to see you yesterday, sir."

"Pardon me," said "McWilliams," turning to the spy; "I've been away from home for a day or two, and, as I was expecting important letters, I pitched right into my mail as soon as I came in."

"That's all right, Mr. McWilliams," replied Johnny, who was by this time satisfied that he had found the right man; "I'm in no hurry, and can wait a few minutes as well as not."

"I'd take it as a favor," said the cunning chief, "if you would wait until I dictate a reply to this letter, to my stenographer. I am anxious to get it away by the first mail."

"Certainly," answered Johnny, obligingly; "go right ahead, and, if I'm in the way, I'll go out and have a smoke."

"Not at all—just sit right where you are." Then, turning to the "clerk," he said, "Please take this, Mr. Bolton."

McManus picked up a red-lined book from the type-writer stand, and, sitting down, pretended to short-hand the following letter:

*"Mr. William P. Hunt,
"Derby Centre,
"Vermont.*

"DEAR SIR—In reference to your application for a loan of \$1,500 on your farm as per your letter dated May 2d, 1889, and in answer to your favor of 25th, would say: My correspondent reports that \$1,000 is all that we could lend on his valuation. I saw my principal yesterday in Boston, and he is willing to let you have this amount at eight per cent and the usual fees for deed, search, etc. Please let me know at once whether this will answer your purpose, and oblige,

"Yours respectfully."

McManus took his scrawls (which bore about as much resemblance to short-hand as a cow does to a locomotive) to the type-writer, and commenced

punching the instrument as if his life depended on it.

"Now, sir," said the chief, turning to Graham, "what can I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

"I want to invest some money in real estate," commenced Johnny; "and there is a property out at Congress and Barton streets that I think would suit me, if the price isn't too high. I want to buy six or seven lots."

"I'll be very glad to act as your agent," replied the chief, who at once saw through this story.

"Why!" exclaimed Johnny, in affected surprise, "I thought you owned the property!"

"No," answered the chief, "but I know the man who does; in fact, he is a client of mine, and he is quite anxious to sell. Suppose we go out and see the lots. I'll just telephone to the livery barn for a horse and buggy."

"Oh, never mind that," protested Graham; "I don't want to put you to so much trouble."

"No trouble at all," declared the chief; "it's all in the way of business, and, if you buy the property, I'll make a very neat percentage on the sale."

In spite of Graham's protests, Bell insisted, and soon they were spinning out to the suburbs behind a very good piece of horseflesh, considering that it came from a livery stable.

After inspecting the property, they returned to Hartford, and the chief entertained the spy royally. Supper, billiards, the theater and a general good time followed in quick succession, until Johnny felt almost ashamed of himself for ever doing the

"sneak act" on such a genial, big-hearted fellow as "lawyer McWilliams, of Hartford, Conn."

Promising to meet in the morning, they parted; the chief smiling to himself as he thought how completely he had "done" the coniackers' detective. Early the next morning Mr. John Graham was a passenger on the Boston express. Apparently he had forgotten his appointment to meet McWilliams' client at one o'clock, sharp.

The failure of this good-looking young capitalist to keep his engagement amused the detectives mightily, and confirmed the shrewdness of McManus' guess as to his real business with "lawyer McWilliams." Indeed, three days afterward, the chief received a letter from Miller, who was by this time working heartily with the officers; for he knew that his own liberty depended on his fidelity to them. The letter stated that Johnny Graham had reported thus: "McWilliams is all right. He is a clever man, and a prince of good fellows," in which statement every straight man who enjoys the privilege of knowing John S. Bell, heartily concurs — but in rather a different sense.

Everything was now in full sail for the big deal, and many were the plans thought out by the chief, and carried into execution by the intelligent, fearless fellows to whom he intrusted them.

Half a dozen of the smartest men in the service, among them Sweeney, Hall, Abbott and Caster, were located in Dayton, with instructions to shadow certain suspects, and learn all they could. Billy Hall's particular care was to watch Driggs, which

office he filled to the queen's taste, and it is safe to say, that, after the big deal commenced, Billy was able to account for every hour of the old villain's time until the trap was sprung.

In order to look after Guyon, officers Abbott and Caster, dressed in rough working clothes as carpenters, drove several times, in an old wagon filled with lumber, to the Driggs house, and stopped for a drink or two. They finally grew quite chatty with the old man.

"Where are you fellers goin'?" he asked, the first time they stopped at his door.

"Oh, we're on our road to the Soldiers' Home," replied Caster; "we've got a job up there that we're going to spin out as long as we can."

"Right you are," chimed in Abbott; "and you'll see us here every time we go out or in."

"Pears like the government is just about fit to spin a job on, anyway," said Driggs, with a laugh, and continued, "Well, boys, what'll you have with me?"

The chief went back to Dayton, after an absence of nearly a week. He wanted to know when the new batch of "stuff" was going to be ready, if at all.

"You don't need to fret," said the old man; "my pardner's workin' hard on it, and I guess he'll have it ready for you pretty soon. You must remember that you can't hire a buildin' and three or four hands to help you turn out this kind o' stuff."

"I know that," returned the chief, "but I'm getting anxious about it all the same. Dusenberry

didn't seem any too hot after my custom, though I guess my money ought to talk as loud as anybody's."

"Never you mind Jim — he's a cranky cuss anyway, and he's all right now. But how are you gettin' on with the last lot?"

"First-class. I got rid of some in New York last week, and the best joke I've struck yet was this :

"One of those Chatham street sheenys last Friday insisted on me looking at a pair of opera glasses. Well, I didn't want them any more than you want Inspector Byrnes living with you. I told him so, but, right or wrong, he would have me look at them, and almost dragged me into the shop. In I went, and he showed me the glasses, and said they were worth twenty dollars, but he would give me a dead bargain on them at ten. I said I didn't need them, but, if they were a hoodoo to him and he wanted to get them off his hands, I'd give him three and a half and take them along. He threw up both hands and called me a robber, so I walked out, pretending to be mad. Well, sir, he rushed after me, and said it would bring him bad luck if I went away mad, so he'd let me take the glasses for five. Just to see how much I could beat him down, I told him I'd give four, and not another cent if his tongue hung out a yard."

"Fader Abraham!" he yelled, "do you vant to take de bread out of Rachael's mouth?"

"Oh no, I said. You'd better go feed her the glasses for dessert, and I walked clear out this time.

He ran after me with the glasses in his hand, and shouted, ‘Take dem for four and a haluf, and get out of de neighborhood before dey lynch you for a highwayman ;’ so I shoved a ten on him, got the change and skipped.”

“ That’s the first time I ever heard of a Jew takin’ one of ‘em,” said Driggs. “ Those people know queer money if they are deaf, dumb and blind. I believe they scent it like a hound pup scents a rabbit.”

“ Well, to return to business,” said Bell, “ when am I to have the big lot ? ”

“ In about a week, I reckon. You won’t want any before that time, I suppose ? ”

“ No — not before that — unless I run up against some extraordinary luck.”

The chief left again that night for the East, and did not return until another week had passed.

“ Jim’s been kind a’ sick lately,” said the old man, “ and he can’t have the big wad ready until next week, or mebby the week after.”

“ Well, I’ve got to have \$500 anyway,” returned Bell, “ because I gave \$300 of the last lot to one of my side partners in the big deal. He’s taken it out West to Seattle and around there — his own stamping ground — to see whether it will work off all right ; so I haven’t any of it left.”

“ I declare,” said Driggs, “ if you don’t come pretty nigh beatin’ any one ever I see, ’cept Gerty, for ‘ shovin’ it. But I can’t let you have any till to-morrow night — I’ll have to get it first.”

On the following day Hall saw the old man leaving the house with a russet leather sachel. It

was quite early in the morning, but it was expected that Guyon would turn up with a fresh supply of the "greens," so Billy and Shaw had relieved each other on watch all the night through.

Billy shadowed his man to the electric railway, then to Dayton, and finally to the railway depot, where he saw him buy a ticket to Cincinnati. The officer also bought a ticket, and followed the old man onto the train.

Driggs was pre-occupied with something or other, and was entirely unsuspecting of being watched, so it was an easy matter to keep track of him until Cincinnati was reached. Once off the train, Driggs began to make some very peculiar moves. He walked out of one door, and, as soon as he got outside, old as he was, he darted down the street and ran back into the depot by another entrance. Hall was too quick for him, though, and followed him up. As he was watching the old man, and following him, the old fellow suddenly wheeled and came rapidly toward him. Driggs knew him well, and was quick enough to recognize him almost instantly.

It was a moment for action. With a sudden jerk, Hall pulled a number of coins out of his pocket and let them scatter all over the platform. In an instant the bootblacks and other "kids," together with a number of men, were scrambling together over the nickels and dimes. The move had the desired effect, however, for Driggs at once joined the crowd to see what the excitement was all about, while Hall, doing the "drunk act,"

pulled his slouch hat down over his eyes, and staggered off, muttering to himself.

In a minute or two he had the satisfaction of seeing the old man pass him, and again followed him out of the door. This time Driggs walked across the road to a saloon. Hall followed him, still playing drunk, and, as he entered the bar, saw the old man going rapidly toward the rear.

The detective did not lose a minute in bolting out of the front door, and was just in time to see Driggs, who must have fairly sprinted through the alley, turn a corner.

The old man now seemed to feel that he had baffled any possible shadow, but across the road, about thirty feet behind him, was a man who would never let go until he found out what business had brought Nelson Driggs to town that sultry morning.

As Hall expected, as soon as Nelse felt secure from being followed, he made straight for 182 John street. From an alley-way opposite, Billy watched the house until Driggs came out. When he did so, he was accompanied by Guyon to the door, and a few minutes' conversation took place between them, in which Guyon seemed to oppose something Driggs was saying. However, the two men at last shook hands, and the officer shadowed his man to the corner of Longworth and Plumb streets.

This house was a notorious dive kept by a woman who called herself Mrs. Mary Brown.

"What the deuce does the old rip want here?" thought the detective. For the first time he noticed

that the russet leather sachel had been left at John street.

Just as he observed this fact the door of the house was opened, and the woman who appeared shook hands with Driggs.

"Aha!" mused the detective. "The old man is well known, evidently. But what in thunder does he want there — a man eighty years of age? Let me see, now, what is he in Cincinnati for? To see Jim Guyon, of course. Why does he want to see Guyon? Either to talk about the big deal, or to get more of the stuff. Suppose Jim has no stuff ready? Driggs would go home. But if Jim has lots of it ready, would he be likely to keep it at the John street place? I guess not. I guess I'll go over there and chance it anyway."

He was about to cross the road and enter the place, running all the risk of being recognized, when who should he see coming toward him but Officer Hardy, an old-time colleague. Billy stepped into a saloon doorway, and, as Hardy passed, called him in.

"What's up, Billy? I thought you were in Dayton," was Hardy's greeting.

"So I am," returned Billy; "but I'm down here for a few days on business. What's new?"

"Oh, nothing particular. By the way, I saw quite a scrap this morning."

"Amateur or professional?"

"Just amateur, but it was right lively for a while till one fellow tried to draw a knife. You know George Cole?"

" You bet; he married one of the Stadtfeldt girls."

" Yes; sister of Driggs' woman. Well, he was going down street this morning, and I was just behind him. All of a sudden a big, strong-looking fellow with a long beard ran up against him, and began putting the boots to him without a word. A man of fifty, I should say, but he fought like a ten-year-old, and mashed Cole to a pulp."

" Who do you suppose it was? "

" Give it up. He skinned out when the police turned up."

" That was Jim Guyon, the man we're after. While he was in hiding, Cole coaxed his wife away from him. I'll bet money this is where he gets even."

" Well, I'm jiggered!" exclaimed Hardy. " I'm glad I've seen him, for I'll know him again."

Hall then hastily explained that he had seen Driggs and Guyon together that morning, and that he was watching for the old man to come out of Mary Brown's place at that moment.

" Go over and see what they are up to," he concluded.

Hardy went, and was readily admitted, so Hall entered a saloon, from the window of which he could keep his eye on every person who went in or out of the notorious Mary's " castle"— for every man's house is his castle, or woman's either.

For nearly two hours he waited and watched with the immutable patience of the Egyptian Sphinx, when Hardy reappeared, accompanied by three well dressed young fellows.

As they descended the steps, it was easy to be seen that they were all three under the influence of liquor. Hardy steered them right across the street to where he spotted Hall, who was by this time standing in the doorway, and the quartet entered the saloon.

"Hello, Billy! where did you jump from?" exclaimed Hardy, pretending to be very much surprised at seeing Hall there. "Come and join us—we are just going to have a drink."

He then introduced Hall to the three young fellows, being compelled to ask each one his name in order to make the introduction, and together they walked up to the bar and ordered refreshments.

It soon transpired that the three men were strangers in Cincinnati who had come to town from Akron for the set purpose of having a "time" such as they dared not attempt at home without raising scandal. They had been drinking all the previous afternoon and late at night, and had been driven to Mary's place by a hackman. There they had remained until Hardy found them, drinking and carousing. When Hardy got in, they had just demanded their money, which Mary insisted the night before should be put in her safe, "for fear something might happen to it," and, on counting it over, there had been a dispute over five dollars.

Hardy took their part, and one of the girls reluctantly handed over the money, which she had "pinched" while handing the roll to the proprietress.

Hence Hardy was invited to join the party in

a continuation of the "good time." He refused to do that, but at last consented to take a drink with them, and had come to the saloon for that purpose.

In payment for what had been ordered, one of them, whose name is withheld for very obvious reasons, it being enough to say that he is one of the most prominent young business men of Akron, laid a ten dollar note on the counter.

Hall, whose eyes were as sharp as gimlets, spotted the "Webster head" at once, and picked it up, saying :

"Excuse me — this is one of the '75 issue — I thought they had all been called in by the Treasury long ago."

"So it is," said the young fellow, whom we shall call Charlie ; "I haven't seen one of them for a long time." With this, he pulled out his roll, and, though there were six other tens none of them was of this issue.

Hall and Hardy looked at each other significantly, and then Hall said :

"Did you two gentlemen also have your money in Mary's safe last night ?"

Both replied in the affirmative.

"Then, said Hall, I'll bet fifty dollars to thirty that each of you will find a ten dollar treasury note like this among your money."

"Of the same series?" asked Charlie.

"The same series," said Hall.

"That's a good bet, boys," advised Charlie ; "I'll take ten in it with you. I handle lots of money, as you fellows know, and I haven't seen one of those

'75 series of tens in a year. I think it's perfectly safe for us, and our friend here is a chump to offer it."

"My bluff goes, and you fellows can call it if you want."

"I'll go in ten," said one of the trio; so the third, though somewhat suspicious of Hall's confidence, decided to "stay" with his party.

The money was put up in the bar-tender's hands, and the other two rolls were "flashed." Sure enough, just as Hall had predicted, each of them contained a much worn, greasy-looking "Webster head."

"Well, I'm d——d," was Charlie's comment; "I'd have bet even on this thing. However, we've lost, so pay over the stuff, bar-keeper, and I'll take a small bottle on this man."

"That's all right," said Billy, taking the money; "open a quart of Pommery sec, bar-keeper, and join us."

"How did you call the turn?" asked Charlie.

"Just by guess," returned Hall, "and I'll tell you what, if it's all the same to you, gentlemen, I'd like to take those three tens in exchange for this money; I believe they'll bring me luck."

Nothing loth, the three "Webster heads" were placed in Hall's hands, and he turned over thirty dollars in good money for them.

Driggs' visit to Mary Brown was fully explained. Mary was engaged in "shoving the queer."

From this time on, the dive was frequented by officers, each of them taking a turn at the job, and

plenty of evidence was obtained to show that even Nelson Driggs did not distribute as much of the bogus stuff as did Mary Brown.

All kinds of people, sporting men, farmers, country store-keepers, and even a city official, were detected in the act of getting "green goods" from this cyprian.

But to return to Driggs. Hall waited for him until evening, being sure that he had not made his escape by the back way, and about seven o'clock his patience was rewarded by the old man coming out of the house, carrying a candy box, which he held by its pink tape handle.

Hall shadowed him back to Dayton on the evening train, and the next morning, when the chief asked for \$350 in short green, Mrs. Driggs opened a drawer behind the bar, in which there were a lot of odds and ends, and, taking from it a candy box with a pink tape handle, counted out the required amount, and handed it to him.

CHAPTER XII.

MARY BROWN'S "DIVE."

BILLY HALL had been on duty so constantly for a fortnight, that, when he arrived at Dayton late at night, he tumbled into bed at once to secure a good, sound sleep. He knew very well that Driggs would go straight home, and, having made his important discovery of Mary Brown's connection with Guyon and Driggs, he felt himself justly enti-

tled to this refreshment before reporting to his chief.

His intention was to get up at seven o'clock and call on Chief Bell before he had breakfast, but nature asserted her rights, as she invariably does, sooner or later, and, once in the grasp of sleep, the detective did not even roll over until he opened his eyes in the morning. When he did so, the sun was high, and the noise in the street warned him that the hour must be late. Putting his hand under his pillow, he pulled out a handsome gold watch and looked at the time.

"Great Jehoshaphat!" he exclaimed, "twelve o'clock! I'll bet the chief has gone East, and I've missed him."

Hurriedly he tumbled into his clothes and scurried to the chief's hotel, only to find his expectation confirmed. John S. Bell was on his way to Washington, and the instructions left were that all reports must be sent there for three days.

Considerably disappointed and disgusted with himself, Hall sat down and wrote a voluminous report of yesterday's doings, which followed Bell to Washington by the next train.

On receipt of this very weighty report, the chief sent a cipher dispatch to McManus at Hartford, telling him to wire Mrs. Driggs and Miller to meet Mr. Williams at Cincinnati July 9th.

Mrs. Driggs received this message herself, and handed it over to her husband.

"He seems mighty hot to close out this big

deal" said Nelse, after reading it, "but Jim don't want to let him have the stuff so dirt cheap."

"Jim always was a fool, outside of his business," was Gertie's answer. "What does he want? The earth?"

"Well, Jim's looking for the best of it, like all the rest of us," returned Driggs, "and, as he does all the hard work, I suppose he has a right to some say in the matter. We don't do anythin' but circulate what he sweats over makin'."

"Oh, rats!" said Gertie, impatiently; "we take all the risks. He is so blamed cautious that he won't even tell you where the plant is, and he never comes around here at all, for fear of being grabbed. It looks to me as if we had a right to about two-thirds, instead of half the profits, and as big a say as he has, if not bigger, about the price. I never had any use for him, anyway; he's too big a coward."

"Thumped Cole pretty good for a coward," said Driggs, sententiously.

"Yes, he got at him before Cole knew he was coming. Anyway, 'Lize says she wouldn't live with Guyon again if he was worth a million."

"Well, I suppose you'll have to go to Cincinnati with Sep, and see about this thing; but I wish we could meet Guyon and have a good talk first, so as to know just what we're going to do about it."

"What's the matter with Jim meeting us at Hamilton? We can go that way as easy as not, and of course he won't show up in Cincinnati if Sep's around."

"That's a good scheme, Gerty. I'll wire him right away."

Consequently "Mr. Dusenberry" received a dispatch which read:

"Hamilton to-morrow, sure. Important. Answer.
N. D."

Late at night the answer came:

"O K. J. G."

Driggs, who waited in Dayton for the answer, then wired to "McWilliams:"

"All right; at Crawford House. GERTY."

This dispatch was received by McManus, and forwarded in cipher to the chief at Washington."

When Nelse, Gerty and Sep arrived at Hamilton the next day, they went at once to the house of a woman well known to the gang. She had been a member of it formerly, but had since retired from "shoving the queer" to live in elegant retirement as the mistress of a Hamilton merchant.

They found Guyon already there, and, after a short chat with their hostess, the latter, accompanied by the attorney, went out to do her marketing, leaving the others free to talk business.

Nelse opened the confab by asking Guyon how he got along with the big pile of stuff for Mac.

"I'm getting on all right," he answered; "but, if there is any way to get that \$4,725 besides giving up the 'green,' I'm in for gittin' it."

"How do you propose to do it?" asked Gerty. "Mac's a shrewd, cool fellow, and you can't boodle him with sawdust, tissue paper or any of

that flubdub. He's got to see and examine the goods before he gives up. He does that always with me."

"And me, too," assented Nelse.

A cynical, cruel smile illumined Guyon's sinister face a moment, and then he asked, suddenly:

"Are you sure Mac hasn't been lying straight along?"

"Certain!" answered Gerty and her spouse, both in one breath.

"He says this deal isn't for himself alone?"

"Yes, there are two others in it," replied Gerty, promptly.

"Then, he has given us away to these two friends?"

"Nothing of the sort. They don't know where the stuff comes from any more than the man in the moon."

"So, when he leaves Hartford, they don't know where he is going?"

"They think he goes to Boston. He told me how cleverly he fixed that."

"So, if he never came back, they wouldn't know where to look for him, would they?"

The full meaning of this speech did not dawn on Gerty at first, so she replied, promptly:

"Of course not."

Driggs understood Guyon's meaning, but said nothing.

"He is a single man?" continued Guyon.

"Yes. He told me he had no wife, family, or near relatives."

"Then," said Guyon, with villainous emphasis, "if he disappears, it isn't likely anybody'll hunt after him much?"

Gerty looked frightened. The idea of murder had never suggested itself to her before, and being brought thus suddenly face to face with it had the effect of a sudden douche of ice water.

"It could be done easy enough," replied Driggs, breaking silence for the first time. "Suppose'n we warn him to come late at night, and that the trade must be completed and him away before daylight. Suppose'n he comes, and after a talk sees the stuff and flashes the roll, what's to prevent him bein' suddenly cracked from behind with an ax?"

"Everything!" cried Gerty, whose first horror by this time had commenced to wear off. "It would leave blood all over the place, to begin with; Pat or his wife might hear him cry out, in the second place, and, if there was any noise, Emma would be sure to hear it."

"Gerty's right," said Guyon. "There are plenty of ways to do up a man besides spillin' blood."

"How would you do it?" asked Driggs, the evil glare in his eyes showing that, under his outward cool, calm manner, the fires of a murderous hell were burning.

"My plan is good and simple," replied Guyon. "Let him come to Dayton, get his stuff, and pay for it. Everything'll be all nice and pleasant. Then, when he has his stuff packed up, persuade him to wait till night, so's not to be seen leavin'

the place. Pretend that suspicious-lookin' folks has been layin' about for a few days, and that you are skeered they are detectives; that, if they see him leavin' the house, he may be arrested and the stuff found on him. Of course that'll hold him as strong as a loggin' chain. Then, in the evenin', we'll have a few drinks. I'll provide a big dose of morphine, say five or six grains, and mix that up in a glass of fine brandy. Then let Nelse get blowin' about some fine brandy he's got in, and bring in a glass apiece all around for a sample. Have the doctored glass be a different pattern from all the rest, and serve Mac last, so's he'll get the one with the morphine. He'll never taste the drug, and in twenty minutes he'll be sound asleep. Once he's asleep all the doctors this side of kingdom come couldn't wake him.

"Very well, we carry him up-stairs and put him to bed, all nice and reg'lar, rigister him as 'John McWilliams, Chicago,' and in the mornin' some one finds him still alive, but without one chance in a million to get over it. Two or three doctors are called in to see what's the matter with the man that can't be wakened up. They go to work on him, and he dies on their hands.

"The coroner's jury will bring it in suicide, as sure as you live, more particular if his watch, chain, papers and all that are found O K."

What devilish ingenuity!

What cruel, calculating wickedness!

The plot was so very nearly perfect that it fairly took away Nelse Driggs' breath.

"Good God!" he gasped, "how did you ever plan that out?"

Again that sinister smile played over Guyon's face for a moment, before he replied.

"When I was up in Canady I used to chum with a backwoods dragger. This fellow used to squirt morphine into his arm because he liked the effects of it, and we often use to talk about it. When he'd get loaded with the drug, just for fun he'd spin me stories of queer murders of all sorts that he'd make up out of his own head. Among 'em was one done just this way. I reckon the morphine kind o' made him dream dreams, and him wide awake all the time. That's the way it affected me one time when I let him squirt some into my arm to try it."

"But, if he was out of his head like when he told you this story," objected Gerty, "maybe he didn't tell you rightly how much it would take and all that."

"Well, as for that," returned Guyon, "my curiosity was burnin', and I read up the subject in one of his drug books. Oh, I've got that all right."

Gerty sat silently considering the plot for a few minutes, and then said:

"There is only one thing I can see against it—he mightn't stay after all our coaxing."

"Yes, he would," asserted Guyon, "if it came to a show-down between stayin' and leavin' the green stuff behind him. Leave that to Nelse and me, and I'll bet we'll convince him that startin' before two o'clock in the mornin' would be a fool

trick, when at that hour he can catch the New York fast express and go clear East almost without a stop."

"Then, there is another thing," objected Gerty, "the stuff mightn't work."

"Yes, and, if I pick this chair up off the floor and let go of it, it mightn't fall," returned Guyon, by way of illustration.

"Besides," continued the women, "if you buy the morphine, that will leave trace of you that might be run down."

Guyon grimly took from his breast pocket an old green leather wallet. Opening it, he took out a package wrapped in paper and tin foil, and, opening this again, it was seen to contain a number of neatly folded little packages, done up in waxed paper and tin foil.

"There," he said, opening one of them, and displaying a small quantity of white powder, "each one of these six packs just holds a man's life. I've carried 'em for three years. Once there was seven of 'em."

"Where did you get 'em, Jim," asked Driggs, who with Gerty bent over the package, which seemed to fascinate them.

"My friend the dragger weighed them out and put them up for me before I left that part of the country. He did it one day when he was reckless from using the drug himself," answered Guyon, triumphantly.

"Just to think," said Gerty, "swallow that tiny bit of powder, and nothing on earth can save you!"

"Nothin' on top of earth," repeated Guyon, as he rewrapped and replaced the morphine in his wallet.

Gerty then made one final objection.

"He might taste it in the brandy, or it mightn't mix with it," she said.

"It is nearly tasteless in water, and perfectly so in brandy, and it will melt as easy as possible in a teaspoonful of water, and will stay melted when it is put into the brandy. When it begins to work on him, he'll just feel as if he was gettin' a little bit full, and then, before he knows it, he'll be sound asleep."

That closed the discussion. No formal agreement was made, but it was tacitly understood between the three that Chief of United States Detectives Bell, under the name of Andrew McWilliams, of Hartford, whom they intended to metamorphose into John McWilliams, of Chicago, should be treacherously and foully murdered for the sake of not quite five thousand dollars.

When this conclusion had been reached, these people, whose criminal means of living had rendered them utterly callous of everything, even the sacredness of human life, laughed and chatted without one sign of mental disturbance or guilty fear for the awful deed they had plotted.

When their hostess and Miller returned and the dinner was prepared, it is to be doubted whether any jollier party ever assembled, and none were gayer than the three who were about to stain their souls with murder.

At three o'clock, on the afternoon of Tuesday, July 9th, Chief Bell entered the parlor of the Crawford House in Cincinnati.

As he did so, Gerty, beautifully dressed and looking her prettiest, arose to greet him. At the same moment Sep Miller crossed the room from the window, out of which he had been looking.

"Well, how are you two, anyway?" said the chief, giving a hand to each of them.

"Splendid," replied Gerty. "I always am when I'm away from the old man for a spell, and Sep always feels better out of Dayton—eh, Sep?"

"Well," laughed the chief, who of course was well aware of the relations between them, "you'd better look out, or Nelse may take it into his head to go gunning some day."

"Not much," said Gerty. "Well, I'm going out to do a little shopping on the quiet; so I'll leave you to keep Sep company till I come back."

"Don't be long," called the chief, "for I'm going to take you out to the Highland House to supper."

"You're the stuff, Mac," replied the Jezebel, as she left the room.

The chief talked to Miller for some time about the big deal, and was assured that the stuff was being got ready. In fact, the first \$3,000 had been taken to Dayton.

Gerty had instinctively kept all knowledge of the murderous plot from Miller. She felt that to admit her connection with anything of that sort would be sufficient to turn him against her. Miller had never done anything more criminal than to hide his knowl-

edge of the gang's transactions, and even she had been unable to persuade him to do anything "crooked."

He had been infatuated with the woman at one time, and she did not know that his jealousy had turned that guilty love to hate. She believed he was as much her lover now as ever, and felt that, after the crime had been done, she could persuade him that "Mac" really had committed suicide.

On Gerty's return, they drove to the Highland House, where, after supper, they had several drinks, and listened to the music.

"I wish," said Gerty, as the waiter went away with two good five-dollar notes which the chief had given him in liquidation of the bill, "I do wish I had a few tens with me; I'd 'shove' them here."

"Nonsense," said the chief; "this is too near home, you might get into trouble."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't," returned Gerty. "I'm too old a hand at the business. Now, this afternoon I spent \$36.50 in one house, and it just broke my heart to give up the long green ten-dollar bills — four of them.

"Suppose one had been crooked? The chances are that no one would have found it out, and, if they had, do you think they would have suspected me? Not a bit of it! I'd have carried on, and vowed I knew who gave it to me, cried a little when they told me it was no good, and, if I couldn't fool them, my name shouldn't be Gerty Miller."

This "break" showed that the wine she had swallowed was beginning to take effect on her.

"Oh, you think you are pretty fly people," said the chief, jokingly, "but I don't believe you could 'work off' any of it."

"Couldn't I?" retorted Gerty, boastfully; "don't fool yourself. I'll bet I can disguise myself and come and talk to you and you won't know me. Why, in Memphis, I went out in the morning in one disguise and shoved \$140. In the afternoon I rung in a complete change, and did up more suckers for \$80; and, in the evening, I went out dressed as a boy, and did up two theaters and a couple of saloons for \$40 more. Oh, I'm not a bit slow at 'shinning'—I was born in the business."

"Born in the business?" queried the chief.
"How was that?"

"Why," answered Gerty, in some surprise, "didn't you know I was a Stadtfeldt?"

"I'm not any wiser now," returned Chief Bell, with an assumption of great ignorance on a subject he knew backwards.

"Then, I'll enlighten you," said Gerty. "My father and mother were the real beginners of the business in this country. The poor old governor was an engraver, and a good one, who had to leave Europe on account of a fancied resemblance the government found in some of his work to some of theirs. Maybe they thought he was going to hurt their business, or something. Anyway, rather than have any unpleasantness about the matter, the old man got himself put into a hogshead and shipped to Antwerp. Poor old chap, he had a

dreadful time of it for a few days, being stood on his head and dumped around generally."

"That was pretty tough treatment," said Miller; "he ought to have sued the transportation company for damages."

"Oh, he got all the damages he could put up with," retorted Gerty, as quick as a flash.

"Anyway, he got over here, and my mother joined him with the two boys. Seeing that the government didn't treat the people well by not giving the paper currency, and objecting to banking monopolies on political grounds, my father started to work and increased the circulation, with my mother's assistance. Of course, all the children were brought up to the same trade."

"Well, I declare!" said Bell; "I didn't know this thing was born with some people like strawberry marks and port wine spots."

"But it is," returned Gerty, seriously; "there were three girls and two boys in our family, and we're all in it except one sister. My other sister was married to Dusenberry, but she quit him because he's a cur."

The chief had been wondering how he could broach the subject of Mary Brown. All he knew of her was contained in Hall's report, and her name had never been mentioned by one of the gang. Gerty and Miller were chatting together, while he smoked his cigar and pondered over the subject.

Just at that moment a boy came along selling bouquets, and, noticing that Gerty glanced eagerly

at the flowers, the chief called the boy and bought a bunch of beautiful Jack roses.

"Here are some counterfeits of your cheeks, Gerty," he said, gallantly, as he handed the flowers to her.

"Thanks," she replied, with a smile, accepting them with a graceful little bow. Then, turning to Miller, she said:

"You'd better get Mack to give you some lessons in paying compliments, Sep. That was a right pretty one."

She then undid the wire and pinned a bud on the chief's coat, and, seeing that Miller looked annoyed, she performed a like office for him, saying:

"There, sour-mash, you've got nothing to be jealous about. I treat you both alike."

"Not quite," remarked the chief drily, at which pleasantry all three laughed.

"I tell you what it is," he continued; "all I want now is a girl of my own; you two spoonies make me envious. I believe I'll just walk around awhile and see if I can't make a mash, too."

"Don't you do anything of the kind," said Gerty, quickly, "I know where there are some right pretty girls that don't attend Sunday school very regularly, and we'll go and see them after a bit, if you like. What do you say, Sep?"

"Mary's?" inquired Miller.

"Yes," returned Gerty. "I have to see her anyway before I go home, you know."

"All right," returned Miller, "what you say goes."

The chief's heart beat a little faster at this. Fate had thrown him the very thing he most wished for, by sending the boy along with the flowers, and he could now investigate Mary Brown and her crooked methods at his leisure.

Shortly after eight o'clock a carriage drove up to the mansion at the corner of Longworth and Plum streets, and from it descended Gerty, her lover, the attorney, and Chief Bell.

The door was opened by a rather good-looking colored woman, whose neatly brushed hair and snowy apron made her look wholesome and tidy.

"Yes, Miss Brown is home," she said, in reply to a question. "Please walk in de pa'lo' and set down."

The rustling of starched skirts was soon heard, and Mary Brown, a very prepossessing woman of apparently thirty years entered. After greeting Gerty effusively, she was introduced to the strangers, and Gerty said, "You must treat Mr. Mac well, Mamie, for he is one of us."

"I'm very pleased to see you," said Mary, in a rich, musical voice; "won't you sit down?"

Then, going to the electric bell, she summoned the colored girl, and said: "The bottle on the ice, Julia."

"Yes ma'am," replied the girl, who immediately left the room.

The conversation became general at once, and after the wine came, they were a merry party.

"You have a pretty nice place here," said the chief, after chatting to Mary for some minutes.

"But not half so nice as it will be before I'm through with it," she answered.

Bell was anxious to open a conversation about the "Webster heads," when suddenly he espied a steel engraving of Governor Bill Allen hanging on the wall in a handsome frame. He recognized it at once, and, excusing himself, walked over to it as if for a closer examination. This had the effect of drawing Mary away from Gerty and Miller, who seemed to have no attention for any person but each other. Miller, who detested the woman by this time, knew that he had to play his part now till the curtain fell, for, if he gave Gerty the slightest cause for suspicion that his friend Mac was not on the square, he knew that a little silver-mounted revolver he had given her a year before would be turned against him in an instant. Mr. Miller had no particular desire to pose as an interesting corpse, so he was just as attentive and lover-like as ever, the moment they were beyond the range of Nelse Driggs' eyesight.

"That is a beautiful piece of work," said the chief, after looking a few moments at the portrait.

"Yes," replied Mary, "it was done by Charlie Ulrich, while he was in the penitentiary. You know, of course, that he did one of the plates for that ten Gerty handles. Well, he got tired of doing nothing, so he asked the warden one day if he couldn't have his tools, and any old bit of steel that might be handy. The warden of course laughed, and asked if he wanted to turn the 'pen' into a private mint. 'Oh, no,' says Charlie, 'one

of the guards has a photo of Governor Allen, and I want to engrave a picture of him to kill time.' Election was coming that fall, and the governor was going to run again, so the warden thought it might be a good political move to have a fine portrait of him. Anyway, he let Charlie have the tools, and a piece of an old saw blade. Charlie went to work, and that is one of the prints from his plate."

"It's a dandy," said Mac, "if it's a good likeness."

"They say it's the best the governor ever had. After he saw it, he went to the 'pen,' and saw Charlie, who promised he'd never do another crooked trick, so Allen got him a pardon for a birthday present."

"What became of him?" asked Bell, who knew the record of Charles Ulrich, the greatest engraver that ever lived in America, as well as he knew his prayers.

"He's been dead for a good while now," answered Mary, "and was buried here in Cincinnati."

"So he made one of the plates?" said Bell, after a moment's silence.

"Yes," replied Mary, "he made the front, all except the 'Ten' and the seal. But suppose I call the ladies?"

"Yes, do," said Bell, who had picked out of her as much information as he thought was safe at one sitting.

Going to the foot of the stairs, Mary called:

"Girls! come down — company!" and a moment later a bevy of sirens, accompanied by the "*frou-frou*" of starched skirts, entered the room and received introductions to the visitors.

McWilliams, Gerty and Miller, each in their turn ordered champagne, the piano player engaged by the establishment evoked floods of harmony from the instrument, and the jollity was kept up as is usual in such places until after twelve o'clock. When they parted, an engagement was made to meet at Mary's in the morning, and then Gerty and Miller went to their hotel, while the chief returned to the "Palace" and was soon fast asleep.

In the morning they all met as arranged, at Mary Brown's, and, after a short chat, which was principally about the increased size of their heads on account of the "racket" of the night before, Gerty and Miller left to buy a birthday present for old man Driggs, and the chief, promising to wait for them, was left alone with Mary.

"How long have you been 'shoving,' Mac?" asked Mary, thus opening the very conversation the chief was aching for.

"Nearly three months," returned Bell, "and I haven't had the least sign of bad luck yet. I'm too careful of where, when and how I get rid of it to have anything traced down to me."

"Besides," said Mary, "there's very little danger in this stuff anyway. How much of it do you suppose there is afloat?"

"There must be a good deal," returned the chief. "I have 'shoved' \$2,000 of it myself."

"Well, that isn't a drop in the bucket," asserted Mary. "First and last \$100,000 has gone into circulation, and some of the notes worked out ten years ago are in circulation yet. I have a friend who redeemed one of the old ones that was a good deal tattered, at the sub-treasury in Chicago. Why, I put from sixty to a hundred dollars a week afloat myself, right here."

"How do you manage that?"

"Suppose a man comes here and gets full, or comes in full; before he goes to bed I make him put his money in my safe. Then I skin off a good ten, and put one of ours in its place. Rich men mostly come to this house — lawyers, judges, merchants, sports and such, when they are visiting the town, always go off on a little toot, and, as I am known all over the State for an honest woman, they wind up here. Then, of course I have a big trade in the city, but I don't often give any city boy the worst of it. I don't believe in doing tricks too close to home."

"Didn't Gertie tell me you supplied some of our boys?"

"Why, yes. It wouldn't do to have them all go to Dayton — the town ain't big enough, and sooner or later they would be followed, and then old Driggs would get into the soup; so they bring the stuff here and make their deals. One of my girls hands it over and gets the money, and none of those fellows think I know anything about it.

She gives out that her lover makes the ‘goods,’ and they swallow the yarn like beer.”

“That’s a smart trick too,” said Bell, to whom this was new light on the subject. “I’m mighty disappointed this trip,” he continued, after a pause.

“How so?” asked Mary.

“Gerty promised to have some stuff here for me, and she didn’t bring a cent.”

“I’m sorry for that,” said Mary, “for I haven’t any either. I usually have a few thousand dollars in the safe, but it’s all gone. I’ll have lots in a few days, and so will Gerty.”

“But that won’t do me any good just now,” said the chief. “By the way, you said last night you were going on a trip to New York soon. When are you going?”

“In a few days, and I’m laying out to have a boss time.”

“Where do you stop when you’re there? I’m going down to York myself, and I might meet you and take you for a swing around the circle.”

“I wish you would, Mac. I just want a nice fellow to take care of me,” she replied, as she took out a card and wrote an address on it. “There,” she said, handing the card to him, “I’ll be there a week from to-day, and, if you meet me, we’ll just have a dizzy time together. You’ll find that no man has to do all the ‘putting up’ for me—I’m as good a spender as the best of them when I go in for fun.”

The chief looked at the card she had given him. On it was written:

"NEW YORK HOUSE,
Coney Island.

MRS. KATE LEARY."

Mamie Brown.

"Kate Leary," thought the chief; "Mary is going into swell society." Kate was the wife of "Red Leary," the most notorious and desperate burglar on the continent!

"All right, Mamie," he said; "I'll be there next Wednesday at about six o'clock in the evening. Don't you make any other engagement, and we'll go out and have some sport."

As Gerty and Miller did not return within a couple of hours, the chief left for Dayton to look after Nelse and Guyon.

CHAPTER XIII.

"THE DEADLY MORPHINE."

THE chief was now "loaded for bear." He had evidence in plenty to convict Nelse, Gerty and Mary Brown, but the game he was after was, first, Jim Guyon, and then \$25,000 in counterfeit money, and, if possible, the plates and press. Notwithstanding all their efforts, the detectives had been unable to get even a hint of where the printing plant was operated, but Bell had good hopes of finding even this out before the final bolt was sped. One thing he was certain of: a new issue

was being printed, and all the old stuff prepared ten years before had been used up. Things being in this state, the chief was determined to use all his shrewdness and risk his life to land Guyon behind the bars.

Bad as he knew the people with whom he was dealing, to be, he never for an instant suspected that a plot to murder him was already hatched, and only waiting an opportunity to be put into action. In fact, so self-reliant and fearless was he, that from the very first he had gone among the coniackers totally unarmed.

On arriving at Dayton, the first thing he did was to draw from the bank about \$500, principally in \$1 and \$2 bills, and a hundred dollar bill as a "wrapper." He made these up into as small a bundle as he could, with the hundred bill on top, and a very imposing lump of "boodle" it seemed.

When he made his appearance at the road house he was received with every manifestation of joy by Driggs and Gerty, the latter having returned from Cincinnati with Miller that afternoon. Bell was at once introduced to Donello as "Mr. Jones." Donello, *alias* Billy Myers, the Pittsburg gambler, and Mr. Jones shook hands as coolly as if they had never seen each other before, but did not seem to improve each other's acquaintance.

It was quite a galaxy of talent that sat down to the supper table that night at the Driggs house. Donello and Bell sat next to each other, with Driggs on the opposite side. Next to him there was a place set as if some one else were expected. Gerty

sat at the head of the table, and Sep Miller faced her at the foot. The meal had not much more than commenced, when Guyon, unexpectedly to the chief, entered, and took his seat beside Driggs. Recognizing "McWilliams," he reached awkwardly across the table and shook hands with him.

As is always the case where people labor under strong mental excitement which they endeavor to disguise from some one else, everybody, with the exception of Donello, or the "Spaniard," as he was invariably called, seemed to be in high spirits.

Illustrative of this tendency, it is a curious fact that persons contemplating suicide, no matter how depressed and despondent they may have been previously, when they are with their friends or relatives for the last time before committing the deed, are in a preternaturally brilliant condition. Wit bubbles from their lips, and their laughter is seemingly of the gayest. They appear to have no care and no thought of trouble.

So it was with these people to-night in the presence of their intended victim; the chief himself and Miller, though not in the guilty secret, catching the contagion of their merriment.

The Spaniard was, as usual, cold and silent, and did not open his mouth, or even smile, during the entire evening.

Toward nine o'clock the sky became overcast, and gusty little puffs of hot wind warned the company that a storm was about to burst over them; so the chief said:

"If we are going to town, Mr. Myers, we had

better start before the rain commences. I guess we're going to have a thunder shower."

"All right," replied the silent Donello, going for his hat.

"Better take my umbrella, Mac," suggested Nelse Driggs; "but see and bring it back to-morrow, for it's one Sep gave me, with a gold handle into it, and I wouldn't lose it for a cow. I mightily value anything Sep gives me, I do."

As he said this in his dry, grim manner, Bell understood that the old man was only waiting for a good chance to "get even" with Miller, whom he secretly hated.

Together the two detectives returned to Dayton, and, when they were well away from the house, Donello said:

"I've got them again!"

"How?"

"\$400 of the new issue."

"Good! You play your part to perfection, Donello, and I won't forget the great assistance you have given me."

"Thanks. It suits me, this kind of job. I love the danger and excitement of it."

"You will have to go to Cincinnati to-night, and keep a good lookout around 182 John street for Guyon. I want to know where to lay hands on the plant, if it can be got at."

"If I can turn it up, you know I will," returned Donello.

The chief went to his hotel, and Donello, obeying instructions, proceeded to Cincinnati, where he

kept Mary Brown's place and 182 John street under close watch, with the assistance of Hardy.

For two or three days the chief was in and about Driggs' place, talking to Guyon, pretending not to be anxious to know anything about his business, and each evening returning to Dayton at about eight o'clock.

On the third day at about three o'clock, Caster and Abbott, under orders, drove up in their carpenter's wagon for the purpose of getting a good look at Guyon; but as usual, the moment a stranger entered the place, the boss coniacker sneaked out of the back door, and made either for the driving shed behind the tavern, or for a clump of woods about two hundred yards further back.

After calling for a couple of drinks without appearing to take any notice of "McWilliams," who sat by the window in the bar-room, the latter gave them a sign unseen by Driggs, who was behind the bar with his back turned at that moment, and Caster said:

"What's the matter with rattling the bones once?"

"I'll just have to go you," returned Abbott; "give us the box, old man."

Driggs handed him the dice box, and Caster turned to the chief and said:

"Won't you come in, stranger? It's only for the beer."

"Don't mind if I do. You come in too, Nelse," Bell replied, as he lounged up to the bar.

They shook dice for an hour, and then, as Guyon did not return, Abbott said:

"Well, we must mosey along to the home, or the boss'll think we've gone out on strike." So, shaking hands with Nelse and the chief, and getting outside of another beer at Nelse's invitation, they took their departure.

"I don't like those fellers hangin' around here so much," said Driggs, when they had gone; "'pears to me they waste a good deal of time for workin' men."

"They're honest fellows enough," returned the chief; "they're engaged in our business — making a little extra money off the government."

Nelse laughed at this, but, wishing to lead up to Guyon's plan for the murder, he pretended to be dissatisfied.

"There's been two or three other strangers around here lately," he said, "that I ain't stuck on a little bit. They may be all right, but, with this big deal on hand, it makes me kind o' nervous to see 'em about the place."

Bell thought Driggs was in earnest, and hinting at some of his men. In reality the old man had no more suspicion of a "put up job" than the child unborn. He was just inventing an excuse to keep Bell all night after the deed should have been completed.

Later on the chief showed the old man his "pile," and said:

"I wish you could lend me a gun — some one might hold me up for all this, coming from or going to town."

Driggs' bleary old eyes actually glittered when

he saw this money, which Bell, inconvenient as it was, carried in his inside vest pocket. To do so, he had to leave the vest unbuttoned, but that did not matter, as the weather was warm.

"You just wait here a minute, and I'll get you a 44 bulldog," said Driggs, who went up-stairs, returning in a few minutes with the weapon.

"I'd bank that pile somewhere if I was you," he said, as he handed the pistol and some cartridges to Bell; "you can draw it out as soon as the stuff is ready."

"Oh no," replied the chief; "I don't want to run any risks of being recognized. I'd sooner take care of it myself."

Matters went along thus until Sunday, the men in Cincinnati reporting that Guyon was away, and that they could get no trace whatever of the plant. The chief, however, saw the boss coniacker every day toward evening; so he thought that, if he was printing the issue, he must be doing it close to the house.

Guyon never staid in the house in the day-time for long — sometimes an hour or half an hour at a time, but usually he was out in the strip of woods behind the tavern. He was anxious that Hall should see Guyon in the house, so a plan was arranged for this purpose.

On Sunday, Billy hired a horse and buggy, and, taking one of the chambermaids at the hotel with him — you may be sure she wasn't the homeliest of them — drove out to Driggs' place. They took several drinks, and old man Driggs and Gerty kept

up a running fire of jokes about the "kid" book agent and his girl. Billy stood this banter well, and the girl, having a pretty sharp tongue of her own, did not leave herself very much in Gerty's debt. But the scheme did not work, innocent though it looked. Guyon kept out of sight until they had left.

When he returned to the house, it was supper time, and, drawing the chief and Driggs aside, he said:

"Maybe I'm nervous, I don't know; but I've seen that young feller hangin' around here a number of times already, and I mistrust somethin'."

"Who? That book agent? Oh, he's all right," said Driggs. He had got this far when he caught a warning glance from Guyon, and partly recalled his confident speech, by adding: "Of course, these fly people always make you think they're all right; that's their business."

"I skinned out because I mistrusted him," continued Guyon; "though, when it comes to real danger, I'm there or thereabouts; eh, Nelse?"

"That you are, Jim; and a good keen nose for scenting danger, too, you have."

"Oh, stuff!" laughed Bell, "I don't see anything to be frightened at in a young kid like that. They don't send boys to do men's business."

With that, "McWilliams" left the two coniackers together and went up to his room for a nap.

"Where's Gerty?" asked Guyon, as soon as the chief's door was heard to close.

"Up in the parlor."

"Is Miller with her?"

"No; d——n him, and he won't be. He's in Cincinnati to-day."

"Then, come along. I've got a plan to propose."

As soon as the parlor door was shut, Guyon said:

"We won't have any better chance than to-night. There will be plenty of people about till late, and it can be proved we were all good friends. This is the time to give him the dose and get his money."

"How do you want to work it?" asked Driggs.

"Just the way I told you. I'll fix the brandy along about twelve o'clock, if you keep him here. I can't be seen, of course, but I'll engineer the trick. Ask some one else into the party; it don't matter who it is, and plant the doped glass on Mac. I'll attend to havin' a glass with a few drops of morphine and water, and the paper it was in, too, on his dresser after we carry him to bed."

"But," objected Gerty, "suppose we haven't any outsider to call in to the party."

"Oh, rats!" replied Guyon; "there will be some one there, and I guess Nelse is smart enough to work off the right glass on Mac. I tell you, this is the safest thing in the world. There isn't one chance in a million that there will ever be the least suspicion."

"I'll do it," said Driggs, his old voice trembling with suppressed excitement, "and it makes me feel young again to be in a job that will divide up \$5,000 among three."

"I don't care anything about Mac," said Gerty; "of course he drove a hard bargain, and all that,

but I must say I feel a little weak about this thing, when you propose to do it all of a sudden."

"Bosh, Gerty! I thought you always bragged that a Stadtfeldt stuck at nothing, and would sooner run chances to get one dollar than work an honest hour for ten."

"That's the crowd I belong to!" exclaimed Gerty, with a flash of perverted pride; "the Stadtfeldts don't fear either man or devil. I'm with you."

"Then, it will rest with you to keep him here. Can you do it?"

"Did you ever see the man I couldn't keep if I wanted? Why, even that iceberg, the Spaniard, wanted to squeeze me one day, for all he's so shy and distant. You may trust me for keeping him."

Supper was over, and Guyon had again gone out, on account of the many people who kept arriving and departing again, as soon as they had refreshed themselves and their horses.

In the parlor, Driggs was sitting in an arm-chair, when the chief asked him, suddenly:

"When am I to get this stuff? I'm sick and tired of waiting for it so long."

"It has been a long time," answered Driggs, "but it's a big lot. I have \$7,000 of it now, and I'll go down to Cincinnati to-morrow, and see how soon I can get the rest."

"I thought Dusenberry was making it," said the chief, sharply.

"Then, you was wrong," answered the old man, with a suspicious fire in his eyes, and a hard ring

in his voice. "Dusenberry does part of the work, but there are other hands on it besides his. That's why it comes high, because so many have to share."

The entrance of Gerty interrupted the conversation at this stage, and Driggs went to the bar to look after his customers.

The chief and Gerty talked about the big deal for some time, and Gerty said :

"I could get rid of that much in a year, and never turn a hair."

"Yes you could!" said the chief. He always liked to tease Gerty because she was so conceited about her powers in "shoving."

"Just excuse me a minute or two," she said, appearing somewhat nettled as she left the room.

In a few minutes a handsome young swell, dressed in a fine light suit, patent leather shoes, kid gloves, white plug hat, and with a large diamond blazing in his tie, entered the room. He was such a thorough-paced dude that the chief actually stared at him. His skin was fair, and, as he removed his hat and laid it on the table, he showed a head of black, curly hair, banged in the latest fashion. The boy seemed to be about twenty-one or twenty-two at the most. Walking over to the chief, he slapped him on the shoulder, and said :

"Where's the bell, chappie? What'll you drink?"

"Excuse me, you have the advantage of me," said the chief.

With a burst of laughter Gerty took off the black wig, and said :

"Don't you think I could take them in? Why, I can change around so quick that it would take a smarter man than the average detective to 'pipe me off.'"

"That is the best disguise and the most complete change I ever saw," said the chief, who really was astounded.

"Well, see how quickly I can be some one else. Supposing I have 'shoved' some stuff, and I'm afraid there will be a 'squeal.' I get back to the place I'm stopping at as soon as possible. Now wait."

Again she was gone but a few minutes. When she returned she was handsomely dressed in a tailor-made suit, with a jaunty cloth cap of the same material covering her blonde hair. She wore over-gaiters, and was just as much a swell as she had been the first time, only the sex was changed. But the thing which drew attention to the girl was a terrible scar across the left cheek. This was calculated to fill the beholder with pity that such a pretty face should be so terribly disfigured.

"Gerty," said the chief, "you are a wonder. No one would ever connect you now with the young dude of a few minutes ago. How did you fake up that scar?"

"That's easy," laughed Gerty, "but very fetching. I just scratched my cheek with a gold pin, enough to leave a red mark without making it bleed. A little powder and carmine, or, better, a little grease paint like the actors use, and there it is. See, it will bear close inspection."

Chief Bell looked at it closely, and had to confess that it would deceive even him.

Successively she appeared as a little sister of the poor, which was a most effective disguise, a poor, ill-dressed girl, and a woman approaching maternity. Each time the make-up was superb.

In fact, Gerty Driggs was the greatest mistress of the art of disguise in America, beating the actresses on their own ground. Their disguises can be easily seen through at a distance. Hers were almost impenetrable close by.

Of course all this gained time, which was the point Gerty was working for, and, before Chief Bell knew it, it was after 11:30 o'clock.

"I must get back to town," he said, looking at his watch.

"Oh, you mustn't go until twelve—we are going to watch the old man's eightieth birthday in."

"Well, if that's the case, I'll stay," said the chief.

A few minutes later a party of young men, accompanied by a number of women of entirely *undoubtful* reputation, came up-stairs, accompanied by Driggs. Introductions were made, and drinks were brought in. There were ten in the party altogether, and, after a number of "rounds" had been indulged in; the strangers rose to leave.

"I'm not going home to-night," announced one of the women.

"Oh, come on, Maud," insisted the others; but Maud was drunkenly obstinate, and vowed that she

and her "Harry" were going to stay there in spite of all remonstances. Seeing that she was bent on it, one of the young men whispered something to "Harry," and then the others, after saying "good night," left Maud and Harry with Driggs, Gerty and the chief.

Nothing could have suited Guyon's plans better if he had controlled the actions of this drunken courtesan.

Guyon, in stocking feet, watched the proceedings through the half-opened door, and then, slipping away noiselessly, mixed the fatal dose, and waited for Driggs' coming.

Meanwhile, Driggs, with Gerty's assistance, had adroitly turned the conversation to the subject of liquors.

"The best liquor in the world, and the most wholesome," said Bell, "is a sound American whisky, with age enough to correct the fusel oil."

"Whisky ain't a patch on a good French brandy," said Driggs.

"That's what I like," chimed in Maud; "only you don't get much of it good. It's mostly stuff fixed up with drugs, so a gentleman friend of mine told me."

"I've got in some of the genuine article," said Driggs, in a cool, calm voice; though, if John S. Bell had been in the least suspicious, he would have noticed a slight paleness in the face, a trembling and a nervous opening and closing of the fingers, together with a baleful glare in the cunning old eyes--the outward signs of the inward emotion.

"Bring us a sample of it," suggested Harry, who supplemented this by asking : "Is it case or bulk, Martel or Hennessy ? "

"Hennessy's best, ten years in wood, and two in the bottle," replied Driggs, as he got up from his chair, gathered the empty glasses from the table, put them on the tray, and left the room.

"I could drink brandy till I was speechless," asserted Maud, who was not very far from that condition even then, "and keep it up the day after," she continued.

"I like a drop of good brandy myself," said Gerty; "especially, hot, just before going to bed on a cold night."

"Either then or when you've had a good wetting," agreed the chief.

In a few minutes Driggs returned with five glasses on the tray, each half full of brandy ; a small pitcher of ice water, and a bottle of seltzer.

"That's what I call liquor," he said, as he set the tray down for a moment, and put the water and seltzer on the table. "If you want to get the flavor of it," he continued, "you'll jest drink the liquor first, and take the water, if you want any, after. This don't need water, anyway, for it's as mild as milk."

Four of the glasses were of the ordinary thin, bar-room pattern, while the fifth had a spray of leaves engraved around the top. This one contained five grains of morphine.

The old villain's hand shook as he passed the brandy first to Maud and her Harry, then to Gerty,

and then, turning the tray so that the doped glass should be next to Bell's hand, he passed it to the chief.

"I'll take the little one," said Bell, reaching for the other glass, which contained a trifle less liquor than did the odd one.

"Oh git out," exclaimed Driggs, excitedly, drawing the tray back, "you haven't drunk har'ly anythin', and can stand that little drop all right." With this, he set his own glass on the table and handed the other to Bell.

The chief raised the glass to his lips and was about to drink, when the clock on the mantelpiece began to strike twelve.

"Wait a minute, don't drink yet," said Gerty; "it is twelve o'clock, and my old man is eighty years old. Let us drink his health, and many happy returns."

"Happy returns," chimed in everybody.

Gerty set the example by clinking her glass against Driggs', and Maud followed by clinking with Harry, so the chief was left out in the cold. Noticing this, Maud staggered across to where he stood, and said, in a thick voice:

"Not going to leave you out, Mr. McWilliams; let her go!" As she finished speaking, she brought her glass with a crash against the poisonous mixture Bell held in his hand, shattering both glasses, and sending the deadly liquid in a shower over the new carpet.

"Damn her," exclaimed Driggs, beneath his breath.

Gerty paled as she saw the plot foiled at the very moment of success, but, quickly recovering herself, she said:

"Why, Maud ! I believe you must be a little off."

"'Scuse me," said Maud, "my foot slipped, or something. I hope the glass didn't cut your hand."

"Oh, no," said the chief, wiping his wrist and linen cuff with his handkerchief; "the only harm done was to spill the brandy."

"Then, wait a minute, and I'll bring two more glasses—I know where it is, Nelse—I'll get it," said Gerty.

As she left the room, Nelson Driggs, on whom this utterly unexpected accident had a most peculiar effect, sank back in his arm-chair, his face livid, his eyes glaring, and his breath coming in fluttering gasps.

Bell was too much occupied in drying off the brandy and escaping the well meant but silly attentions of the intoxicated cyprian, to look at him.

Without taking any notice of what was transpiring around him, Nelse muttered to himself:

"Downed!—downed by a woman ! Drinking many returns of my birthday, but interrupted by the smashing of two glasses. It's bad luck—bad luck—it means *two* of us—Gerty and me. Curse the woman, I wish she'd staid in Dayton!"

Meanwhile Gerty, bent on succeeding in the attempt on the chief's life, was searching the house for Guyon, to get from him a second supply of the deadly powder which he carried in the old green leather wallet.

She looked everywhere, calling, softly:
“ Jim ! Jim ! ”

But Jim Guyon, true to his principle of “ standing from under ” the minute his “ play ” was made, had long since left the house, and taken refuge in his favorite haunt, the strip of woods.

Reluctant to let so favorable an opportunity for murder pass by, Gerty opened the back door noiselessly, and, running swiftly through the darkness across the lot to the picket fence which bordered the woods, she again called:

“ Jim ! Jim ! ”

But in vain! Either Guyon was beyond the sound of her voice, or he deliberately made up his mind that, if there was trouble on hand, he neither wished to be mixed up with it, or even to know anything about it.

Finding her efforts to attract his attention useless, Gertie returned to the tavern as swiftly as she had come, reflecting that, notwithstanding this failure, the original plan still held good.

After an absence of ten minutes she entered the room with two glasses and a brandy bottle, quite out of breath, and flushed with the exercise.

“ What kep’ you, Gertie ? ” asked the old man, who, after swallowing some brandy, had recovered his nerve.

“ I don’t know where the nation you hid the stuff away,” she returned, “ so I had to go down cellar and get a fresh bottle. Then I had to hunt for the corkscrew.”

The excuse was a good one, and the health was at last drunk with appropriate honors.

There was some one carried to bed insensible that night, after all, but it was not Chief Bell. Poor Maud's appetite for brandy, and the seductions of the really excellent brand of liquor within her reach, were too much for her, combined with what she had taken before, and, at about one o'clock, in attempting a gaudy exposition of the peculiar beauties of the can-can, she tumbled in a heap, and was dragged from the field of battle by her lover, assisted by Driggs and the good-natured "Mr. McWilliams."

CHAPTER XIV.

READY TO SPRING.

EARLY on Monday morning, in spite of the late hour at which he had gone to bed, Driggs started for Cincinnati, promising to be back by one o'clock.

After breakfast the chief said to Gerty:

"I'm going to give the old man a surprise when he comes back."

"What are you going to do?" asked Gerty.

"I'm going down town to get him the handsomest gold-headed cane in Dayton for a birthday present," answered Bell, who wanted some good excuse for leaving the house.

"It will tickle Driggs most to death," said Gerty, feeling very guilty, thinking of the hideous crime

which only an accident had prevented the night before. She was not feeling very comfortable on Guyon's account, for, when Nelse had displayed the private signal, by pinning a newspaper to the sash of one of the windows, Guyon had not come to the driving shed, and a search in the strip of bush revealed the fact that he had left the place without warning. The coniackers did not know what to make of this move, but refrained from saying anything to "McWilliams" about it.

When Chief Bell arrived in Dayton *via* the electric railway, he went at once to the main office of the Western Union and sent dispatches to Special Treasury Officers Wm. Shaw, Wm. McManus, John Sweeney, Byron K. O'Dwyer, Wm. Hall, and Thomas Caster, instructing them to come at once to Dayton, and telling them where to wait until they heard from him.

He then had an interview with the local manager, explaining who he was, and that he was on important business.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Bell?" asked the manager.

"Give instructions that any order I give to delay or suppress a message shall be honored, as that may be absolutely necessary in the interests of justice."

"I can hardly accommodate you that far," answered the manager, "because it may render the company liable to heavy damages. My duty to the company —"

"Is to protect it, in common with the rest of the public, from being victimized by the floating of

half a million of spurious currency of such a character that it passes the bankers without suspicion," cried the chief, interrupting him.

"Wh-e-e-w!" and the manager gave a long whistle. "If that's the case, it is different. I'll write you an order at once for any of our branch offices, and instruct my people here as well."

Armed with this important paper, and, after thanking the manager, Bell went to a jeweler's establishment and bought a gold-headed Malacca cane, on which he ordered engraved the inscription: "To Nelse, from Andy, on his eightieth birthday," saying he would call for it in an hour.

During the time he had to wait for the cane, he looked for and found officer Abbott, whom he told to take the next train for Cincinnati, and watch 182 John street for a telegram, and, at all hazards, to follow the messenger up, should it come, until he found the man to whom it was delivered. The chief had been "fly" enough to overhear Gerty and Nelse talking about Guyon's sudden disappearance, just before the old man drove away to catch the early train.

After calling at the jeweler's for the cane, and buying a basket of delicious assorted fruit, he returned to the tavern, arriving at just one o'clock. He had only time to show the cane to Gerty when the old man put in an appearance, and, as Gerty had predicted, he was delighted as a child with the gifts.

"I used to be a sort o' lairy about you, Mac," he said; "but I'm danged if you haven't turned out the squarest man I ever struck."

And yet the old scoundrel was ready and willing to murder the "square man" the moment he found an opportunity.

The chief blushed at the compliment, as he thought how little Nelse Driggs suspected how really square he was, and then the whole party adjourned to the dining-room for dinner, in which meal they were joined by Maud, who had only got out of bed a few minutes before.

"Oh Lord! How rocky I feel," said that young person. Her hair was uncurled, her face was untouched by those beautifiers so much in favor among ladies of her profession, and her eyes were dull and dead-fishy in expression.

Altogether she looked like a mere wreck of the debonnaire and dashing "fairy" of the night before.

"Harry" had left early in the morning to take his position behind a dry-goods counter, with a pain in his head as big as all out-doors.

After a confab on Tuesday morning the chief accompanied Driggs to Dayton, where the old man wrote and sent the following telegram to Guyon:

"Bring up all your old clothes."

They left the office, but before doing so, the chief adroitly "forgot" a small parcel which he left on the counter. They had walked about three blocks when Bell said, suddenly: "Confound it! I've left my parcel at the telegraph office."

"Then, we'd better go back and get it," said Driggs; "was it anything particular?"

"No; only a couple of neckties, but I don't want to lose them. I'll tell you—you just step into

Schmidt's saloon, and wait for me a minute or two. There is no use in you walking your old legs off."

"All right," said Driggs; "hurry up, and we'll take somethin' when you get back."

Hurrying to the branch telegraph office, Bell asked the operator:

"Have you sent my friend's message yet?"

"I'm just sending it now."

"Then, give me the copy. I want to add some instructions."

The operator handed him the message, and on it he wrote:

"*To the Main Office:*

"Do not send this message to Cincinnati until six o'clock to-night.

"JOHN S. BELL."

"I can't send that," said the operator, glancing at it.

"Oh, yes, you can, and will too," replied the chief, as he pulled out the manager's order and showed it.

"That's all right, sir. I'll attend to it," said the operator, immediately recognizing the handwriting.

Taking a blank, the chief wrote a cipher message to detective Abbott, telling him that the other message would arrive at six o'clock, not to fail in tracing it, and then to stick to his man. This was sent "rush." "I think you had better send that first message 'repeat,'" said Bell, an idea striking him, and then he added a few words to the

cipher message, which the operator at once put on the wire.

With his little parcel in his hand, the chief rushed back to rejoin Driggs at Schmidt's beer hall, and found the old man very impatient.

"What kep' you?" he asked, with a shade of the old suspicion in his voice.

"One of the kids had pinched my neckties," was the ready answer, "and I had to kick up a row before he produced."

We must now follow the chief's cipher to Cincinnati. As soon as Abbott got the message, he began to think of a plan for following it. He was by no means dull, but this was a case in which no mistake could be allowed. The result of his deliberations was that he went straight to the manager of the telegraph company at Cincinnati, and, on being asked his business, made the following brilliant "play:"

"I am United States Detective Abbott," he said, exhibiting his star, "and we have a most important case on hand."

The manager was interested at once:

"Well," he said, "and how can the Western Union help you?"

"Very simply," continued the officer. "I have just received this cipher dispatch telling me that a message—"Bring up all your old clothes"—will come over your wires at six o'clock to-night. That message must be followed to the man it is intended for."

"Who will it be addressed to?"

"J. Dusenberry, 182 John street."

"Then, why not shadow 182 John street?" asked the manager.

"Because these folks are too 'flip' to be caught that way. The message will be taken by one and passed to another through perhaps six or seven hands."

"Do you know Dusenberry."

"No."

"Then, how could you tell whether he received it or not?"

"I have a minute description of him, and would know him instantly. Now, what I want you to do is this. Let me take that message when it comes in. I don't suppose I could get into a 'kid's' uniform, but you can find a cap I can wear, with the badge on it, maybe."

"I see. You want to be a telegraph boy."

"Exactly."

"Then, if this exact message comes for this man Dusenberry, I'll risk trusting you once, and give you a janitor's uniform into the bargain."

"Thanks," said the detective; "I'll be here sharp at six."

The message arrived as expected, and, fitted out in the uniform of a telegraph messenger, Abbott started for 182 John street.

His ring at the bell was answered by a short, stout man.

"Telegram for Mr. Dusenberry," said the sham messenger, glancing at the envelope.

"All right," said the man; "give it to me."

"Are you Mr. Dusenberry?" asked the messenger.

"No; but I'll sign for it."

"This is a special, repeated message, and can't be delivered to any one but the party it is addressed to," was the bold and unblushing reply.

"Well, Dusenberry ain't in," said the man.

"Then, tell me where to find him. My orders are to deliver the message, which is marked 'rush.'"

"I don't know where he is, but maybe they can tell you at Molly Brown's."

"Where is that?"

"Corner of Plum and Longworth."

"All right," and the "special repeated" messenger was going down the steps, two at a time.

At Mary's the "housekeeper" wanted to take charge of the message, but with the same result, and the messenger was directed to a saloon "over the Rhine." Here he found Guyon, who had been drinking. The officer knew him the moment he set eyes on him, and, going up to him, said: "Mr. Dusenberry?"

"That's me."

"Telegraphic message for you."

Guyon signed the book, tore open the dispatch, glanced at its contents, and then said:

"Seems to me you're a pretty old kid."

"Yes," laughed Abbott; "I'm a special messenger for hunting up parties that have repeated messages sent to them. The company gets paid extra rates for them, and takes a good deal of trouble to find the addresses."

He then detailed the chase he had gone through, and Guyon said:

"That special business must be a new scheme."

"Oh, no; they've been doing it for a couple of years."

"Well, I'm glad you found me, any way. Let's have a drink."

After swallowing the fluid, Guyon handed the officer fifty cents, and said:

"That's your car fare. Which way are you goin'?"

"Back to the office."

"Well, come on; I'm goin' that way myself."

The detective rode back to town with the notorious Jim Guyon, and, notwithstanding his great inclination, did not attempt to pump him, for fear of arousing suspicion.

All night long he watched the house at 182 John street, until he was relieved at four o'clock in the morning by Detective Hardy, and then he went to the telegraph office, resumed his own clothes, went to his hotel, got breakfast, and slept.

At twelve o'clock he relieved Hardy, who said Guyon had not left the house. Hardy then went to the hotel for dinner, and at about one o'clock Guyon, carrying a round parcel about the size of a two-quart fruit can, came out of the house, was shadowed to the depot, and thence on the train to Dayton.

To return to the chief and his friends the coniackers.

Making some excuse on Tuesday night, Chief Bell went to town, called his assistants around him,

and, explaining the situation, asked for any suggestions that might present themselves.

Provided that his own plans did not miscarry, the brilliant assembly of Uncle Sam's Boys decided that the evidence would be full and complete, and the conviction of the counterfeiters a foregone conclusion.

Feeling confirmed in his own judgment by the unanimous approval of his staff, the chief returned to the road house to await the final drop of the flag.

On Wednesday afternoon he was in the bar with old man Driggs, talking about "Dusenberry," when who should walk past the window, with an umbrella hoisted, but Guyon himself.

The sky was cloudy, but not a drop of rain had fallen, so it was evident that the coniacker was using the umbrella to hide his face.

As he entered, the chief greeted him by saying:

"Hello, Dusenberry, what's the matter? Is it raining? or are you afraid of getting sunburnt?"

"It ain't raining yet, but it will," said Guyon, with a significant glance at Driggs. "It's goin' to more than pour for some people. There was a fresh young feller," he continued, laying his round parcel on the counter, "that tried to run over me on the road, and I came pretty near shooting him."

As he said this, he laid a big revolver on top of the parcel.

The "fresh young feller" he alluded to was officer Abbott, who, having lost his man at the depot, had hired a horse and rig and followed him

out to the road house. Not wishing to be seen by Guyon, for fear of being recognized as the telegraph messenger, he had driven past at a lively clip, raising as much dust as possible.

Not knowing anything about these facts, the chief supposed this move was made for the purpose of showing that Guyon was armed, so, drawing the revolver from his pocket, he said :

"Here Nelse — here's the gun I borrowed from you. I reckon I won't need it any more till this thing is over."

"Where's Gerty," asked Guyon.

"Up in the parlor," replied Driggs.

"All right, I'll go up and see her." So saying, he picked up his parcel and revolver, and went upstairs rapidly, as if he didn't want to run the risk of being seen by anybody.

"Has he got the stuff?" asked the chief, as Guyon left the room.

"Yes," replied Driggs.

"When do I get it?"

"To-morrow morning."

"From you?"

"No; from Gerty. You have always done business with her, and you will have to do this with her too."

"That's all right, but I don't want this thing to come off in the barn, Nelse, for I'm not going to run any chances."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I want my money's worth for my

money, that's all. You are all right and as straight as a string, but, between you and me and the hitching post, I'm not stuck on Dusenberry's style. I wouldn't trust him as far as I could throw him, any more than I would that hang-dog Spaniard that comes around here."

"You don't need to be scared," replied Driggs; they're both straight people, and I know it. Anyway, the deal will come off right here in the bar-room as soon as we get a good chance, and you and Gerty and me will be the only ones about."

"Where will Dusenberry be?"

"Up-stairs, out of the way entirely."

"That's satisfactory," said the chief, who had found out what he was after, the whereabouts of Guyon during the deal.

Bell then went to town, telling Driggs that he was going to get a little present for Gerty, and another for the baby, as he intended to leave for the East as soon as he got the stuff. Driggs smiled peculiarly at this, but said nothing.

For the second time Chief Bell called his men around him, and told them of the arrival of Guyon with the counterfeits. The "boys" were unanimously in favor of going out at once and making the raid, and declared that the chief had no right to imperil his life by going alone into this gang in the morning, with what the coniackers supposed was a large amount of money.

"I'm not at all afraid," said Bell; "I've carried the money for over a week now, and they knew I

had it, but there hasn't been even a sign of treachery."

"That's all right enough," replied McWilliams, the "clerk" at the Hartford office, "but you had Driggs' gun, and they, of course, knew it. Now that you have quit carrying it, it is different."

"No," replied Bell; "I'll stand by my plans now, if it costs a leg."

He then gave the men their instructions as to the positions they should occupy during the critical moment, and was about to return to the tavern for the night, when Hall said:

"There is no sense in running any more risks than you have to. Why can't you send a message that you won't be back to-night?"

After a deal of persuasion, this proposition was adopted, and then the chief, turning to Donello, said:

"You haven't been out there for a week, Donello; what excuse can you give for stopping there to-night?"

"Oh, I'll make up a good one, don't you fear."

"Then, you can easily find out whether my excuse for not going back to-night goes. I have it—I'll write the note now."

Sitting down to the table, he wrote the following:

"FRIEND NELSE—I don't somehow feel safe about the person we are talking about this afternoon, so will stop here till morning. I will be on hand by seven o'clock, so as to have everything fixed up before there is any one around.

"Yours, ANDREW MCWILLIAMS."

A messenger was dispatched with the note, and some hours later Donello went out to the tavern. He arrived there at about midnight, and found the place all locked up.

He knocked for some time, and then the shutter of an upper window was thrown back, and Gerty, looking out, asked, softly:

"Who is there?"

"It's all right, Gerty. It's the Spaniard."

"For heaven's sake! where have you been, Spaniard?"

"To Pittsburg, and got into trouble."

"How was that? Caught 'shoving'?"

"No; locked up for gambling."

"Oh—was that all? How did you get out?"

"I'm under bonds now. But there's a fellow there who wants some of the stuff."

"Well, wait a minute."

Just at this interesting point the old man came to the window, apparently in a very bad temper, for Donello heard him using words to Gerty which cannot be found in Webster's dictionary. He poked his head out, and said:

"Hello, Spaniard."

"Hello!"

"I can't let you in to-night. The biggest deal of my life comes off to-morrow, and I don't want anybody around."

"But I'll get out early"—began Donello.

"Oh go to h—, Spaniard, don't bother me," and with this, the amiable old gentleman closed the shutters with a bang, slammed down the window,

and went back to the arms of Morpheus — and Gerty.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TRAP IS SPRUNG.

WHILE the chief was still conferring with his men, another conference was going on about two miles away from them.

Driggs had just received Bell's note, and, showing it to Guyon, said:

“ He don't seem to have any use for you, Jim.”

“ He's mighty right too, if he only knew it. There's one thing sure.”

“ What's that? ”

“ Nothing on earth could get him to stop here to-morrow night after this letter.”

“ You can bet your sweet life on that,” put in Gerty.

“ Well, we'll have to take my plan after all,” said Driggs; “ either hit him with an ax or let him go.”

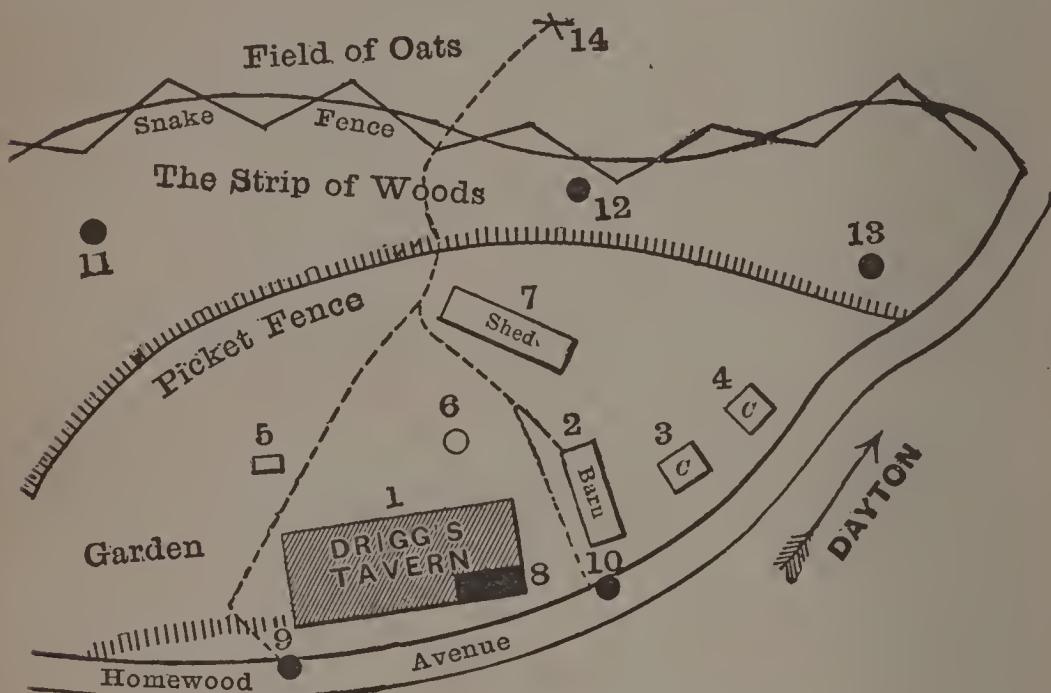
“ No, we won't,” replied Guyon; “ we'll give him a drink after the trade is concluded. Gerty can fix two fancy drinks, one for herself, and one for him. I'll give her the powder mixed with sugar, and she can dump it into his glass, give it a stir, and that'll fix it.”

“ But what will we do with him? ” asked Gerty, who was willing enough to carry out the programme provided it were feasible.

“ Carry him up-stairs to a bed-room, and find him

in about three or four hours. Then call the doctors in, and that settles it."

In order that the whole situation may be understood, the following diagram of the premises is given:



1—Driggs' Tavern. 2—Barn. 3 and 4—Cottages. 5—Water closet. 6—Summer-house. 7—Driving shed. 8—Bar-room where the deal was made. 9—Officer Sweeney. 10—Officer Hall. 11—Officer Donello. 12—Officer McManus. 13—Officer Shaw. 14—Jim Guyon.

At length the long-looked-for morning broke.

The red-faced sun followed his *avant couriers* of gray light, and, as he mounted into a cloudless sky, chief Bell looked at him out of his hotel window. He seemed to blink in a semi-humorous fashion at the great detective, and say:

"We are going to make it hot for some people to-day, old man, you and I. We are just going to more than roast them!"

The chief was already dressed, and had breakfasted; so had the rest of Uncle Sam's Boys, who were already on their way in single file, and at long

intervals, to take the various posts assigned to them surrounding the Driggs tavern. By the time the chief arrived, Donello, McManus and Shaw were in the strip of woods behind Driggs' buildings, while officers Hall and Sweeney were on Homewood avenue, one on each side of the tavern, at a distance of about two or three hundred yards. They were to wait until after the chief entered the tavern, and then gently close in until they occupied the positions marked 9 and 10 in the diagram.

Presently the chief went down-stairs to the street, and strode up and down before the hotel, smoking a cigar, and keeping an eye on the road on both sides of him. He was engaged in watching for a "shadow," thinking it just possible that Guyon, or some of the gang unknown to him, might be watching his movements. To satisfy himself on this point, he walked sharply around the corner, and, as hard as he could go, to an alley, into which he turned abruptly. After pausing a few seconds, he looked cautiously out, but there wasn't a sign of anything suspicious.

Sauntering carelessly back, he saw a hostler driving an old wagon.

"Hello!" he called.

"Hello yourself, and see how you loike it," was the answer, in a rich Irish brogue.

"Which way are you going, friend?" asked the chief.

"Faith, the priesht says I'm goin' straight to the divil if I don't mend me manners," replied the Irishman.

"I haven't a doubt of it; but I mean this morning," said the chief, laughing.

"Out on Homewood avenue, beyant," said Paddy.

"Will you give me a lift?"

"I will that."

So without more ado the chief climbed up beside the Irishman, who was smoking a clay pipe strong enough to "down" a tannery.

As they drove along the jolly hostler hummed over a song which nearly put the chief in a fit. The melody was one of those quaint minor oddities which do not grow anywhere outside of Ireland, but the words set to it were evidently the product of Irish-American genius.

As the Irishman hummed, they turned into Homeward avenue, and the chief saw that two men in a buggy were pretty close behind them.

"Sing out loud, Paddy, and I'll give you a quarter. We're almost in the country here, and it doesn't make any difference if you do shout."

The two men were right behind them now, and could almost hear what was said.

"Och, sure, an' I'm no singer," answered Paddy; "I'm gettin too ould to sing."

"Go on — here's the quarter; now sing me the whole of that song."

The men in the buggy were evidently interested, for they drew alongside the wagon, and regulated their pace by that of the Irishman's old horse.

"Kape your quarther, sir," he said; "I'll sing it for nothin' if you'll give me a dhrink. The dusht feels moighty dhry this mornin'."

"All right," said the chief, and the Irishman drew up to a saloon.

The men in the buggy seemed to be thirsty too, so they pulled up and entered the saloon after them.

"Won't you gentlemen join my Irish friend and me?" asked the chief.

"Yes—they didn't mind;" so four beers were soon traveling the way of all beers. "What's that song you're trying to get him to sing?" asked one of the strangers.

"Well," answered the chief, "it's one of the blamedest funny things you ever heard. Wait till we start, and you'll say so too."

When they started again, the Irishman lifted his quaint baritone voice, and sang the following ditty, with an audience composed of three highly appreciative people :

"Oh, if youse will listen, I'll sing youse a song;
It's about them hard toimes, and it won't take me long.
Wid my legs and my arms strapped down to the floor,
And my hands tied behind me, what could I do more
In them hard, hard toimes?

"Now here's to the docther, the man of great skill:
[The disease or the patient he surely will kill.]
Oh, he calls once a week, and gets paid every day,
For he knows mighty well that the county will pay
In them hard, hard toimes.

"Now here's to the constable, whom I despise:
Sure, he'll come to your house wid a pack of blamed lies,
And he'll seize all your property, which he will sell,
And get dhrunk on the proceeds; oh burn him in—well,
It is hard, hard times.

"Now here's to conclude, and to finish my song;
And here's to New York, 'tis the place I belong:
Oh for fightin' and dhrinkin' it niver will fail,
And I don't care a—tuppence how long I'm in jail
In them hard, hard toimes."

A roar of laughter greeted this poetic effusion, and then the men in the buggy whipped up, said "So long," and soon vanished in a cloud of dust.

As they reached the road house, old man Driggs came out, and the men pulled up.

"Well?" inquired Driggs.

"It's all right," said one of them; "he's coming. An old Irishman has picked him up on his wagon, and they'll be here directly. We've watched him ever since he first came out of the hotel at five o'clock this morning, and he hasn't spoken to a soul, except this old fellow."

"All right," said Nelse; "that's good." Without another word, the men drove on at a rapid pace.

A few minutes after they had gone, the old wagon drew up to the door, and Bell dismounted, followed by the old Irishman.

"Come in, Paddy," said the chief, "and wash the dust out of your lungs."

"Faith, I will, sir, for I'm as dhry as a bone," returned Paddy, unhitching the bearing rein, so that his horse might drink at the trough.

Bell entered the house first, and Driggs said:

"Hello, Mac! glad to see you. Who's the party?"

"He's a funny devil who gave me a lift on the road. He can sing the funniest song you ever

heard. Two strangers in a buggy happened along while he was singing it for me, and they nearly fell off the seat."

"That's all right," said Driggs, pre-occupiedly. "Gerty has that all ready for you; so step into the sitting-room and get it. We'll hear the song afterward."

Chief Bell did as he was directed, after telling the Irishman to wait for him a minute.

"Faith I will, or tin of thim," replied Paddy.

Chief Bell had not long to wait. Gerty came into the room, where the baby was playing about the floor, with a two-quart fruit tin in her hand.

"Howdy, Mac?" she said, shaking hands; "are you fixed?"

"Rather," said the chief, laying the big roll of dollar bills with the hundred dollar wrapper on the table; "where's the stuff?"

"Here in the tin," she replied, her eyes dancing as she feasted them on the money. Then, taking a can-opener, she quickly removed the lid and showed to the astonished chief that it was tightly packed with the rolls of the counterfeit money.

"Do you want to count?" she asked.

"I guess not," he replied, at the same time plunging his hand into his hip pocket and drawing his revolver.

"What's that for?" gasped Gerty, in terror.

"BANG!" was the answer, a shot fired in the air as a signal to the officers outside that the action had commenced.

Gerty screamed, and the baby rolled over and

howled, but there was a grasp at her hands, a "click," and for the second time in her life a pair of plain but substantially made steel bracelets adorned the delicate wrists of Gerty Stadtfeldt Driggs.

When the "bang" of the pistol resounded through the bar, old man Driggs, who was standing behind the counter, made a desperate rush for the door. The Irishman was contentedly leaning against the jamb, smoking his pipe, but, as Driggs attempted to dash past him, the pipe fell from his lips, giving up its malodorous ghost on the threshold. In an instant the crafty old coniacker found himself clutched in an iron grasp, and, before he could realize what had happened, his wrists were resting securely in the embrace of a pair of Uncle Sam's quick-action, self-locking "darlings."

"Hold on, Nelson," said Paddy, or, to give the gentleman the benefit of a name of which he has no reason in the world to be ashamed, Byron K. O'Dwyer; "I think Mr. McWilliams wants to talk to you, so don't hurry away."

"Trapped!" screamed the old man, "both of us trapped! I knew it when those two glasses broke! Oh, G—— d—— McWilliams!"

Outside the house an exciting scene was in progress.

As arranged, the moment the shot was heard, the detectives began to close in on the tavern, the idea being that Guyon was surely in the house. But in this conjecture they had miscalculated, for Mr. J. Guyon was altogether too much averse to doing time to run any needless chances of being captured. He was, therefore, not in the house. He was in the barn, contentedly smoking his pipe when he heard the report, and knew instantly what it meant.

Looking cautiously through a knot-hole which he had prepared for the purpose of watching the avenue, he saw the "book agent," Hall, whom he

at once recognized. For an instant he debated whether he should chance the detectives going into the house to look for him or not, but his reason told him that this whole arrangement was a "put-up job," and that probably a dozen detectives surrounded the premises.

There was only one course — to fight his way through the cordon of officers, and escape, as he had done before, by sheer nerve and audacity.

Waiting, like a hunted rat, for a few minutes to elapse before he made the dash for liberty, and so throw the hunters off their guard, he succeeded in slipping out of the barn unseen.

It was not until he was thirty feet away from it that Billy Hall's sharp eyes caught sight of him.

Billy gave a yell like that of a wild Indian, and, firing as he ran, darted after the fleeing coniacker, who, still smoking his pipe, ran like a deer for the picket fence.

Sweeney, hearing Billy's yell, cleared the little picket fence at a bound, and, jumping into the garden, dashed around the tavern.

As he reached the corner, he got his first glimpse of the long-legged, raw-boned Guyon legging it like mad for the picket fence next to the woods.

As lightly as an Irish steeplechaser, Guyon rose at the fence and went over without touching. In an instant Billy, who was by this time close upon him, opened fire again, and two big bullets went crashing after the fugitive.

Still smoking his pipe, Guyon turned coolly, and, resting his revolver on his left arm, took steady aim and fired; but, fortunately, the bullet did no harm, though it whistled uncomfortably close to the brave young detective's head.

Sweeney next began blazing away, but had to cease when Billy tumbled head over heels over the picket fence in his eagerness to get at Guyon.

Meanwhile Donello, Shaw and McManus had heard the firing and closed in on the center of the wood.

Guyon, who, like a Sioux, was dodging from tree to tree, taking advantage of every bit of cover that offered, saw Donello before the latter saw him.

Resting his revolver against a tree, he took steady aim and fired. Donello yelled, and fell forward, and at that moment a bullet from Billy Hall, sent with his late father's kind remembrances, plowed about ten inches of bark out of the tree against which Guyon was resting, on a level with the counterfeiter's head.

Guyon changed his position, and Donello, picking himself up, rushed after him again. The lobe of "the Spaniard's" left ear had been carried away by Guyon's bullet.

Boldly pursued by the detectives, who blazed away at him every time he showed himself, Guyon dodged from tree to tree, and bush to bush, still smoking his pipe, and reloading his revolver as he ran. He shot every time to kill, for the bullets invariably came at the correct elevation for the head, but, being luckily a little out of line, they passed by harmlessly on either side.

At length the desperado reached the snake fence between the woods and the oat field.

Without a moment's hesitation he threw himself head first over it, just as Donello and Hall got clear of the woods. Hall raised his pistol hand and fired.

Not to be outdone in this kind of politeness, Guyon again turned, deliberately rested his hand on the top rail of the fence, and fired point blank at Hall.

The "book agent" jumped aside as he saw the flash, and the bullet passed through the skirt of his coat. If he had stood still, it would have got him in the groin, and probably finished him.

With this valedictory, Guyon disappeared among the oats. The other detectives came up as Hall and Donello were climbing the fence, and Donello shouted:

"He's in the oats! After him, boys!"

And after him they went, but he had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him.

For an hour they threshea over that oat field, and into the fence corners, but the great Jim Guyon was gone as neatly and mysteriously as he had got away from Captain Hall ten years before.

"It's no use, boys," said Billy Hall; "we won't get him unless he was hit by one of the shots. He fooled a better man than any one of us years ago."

"I think I got him once," said Sweeney; "for, just after I fired, he staggered forward a few steps before he could brace up."

Very much disgusted at this escape, the party returned to the tavern.

The chief was of course disappointed at not getting Guyon, but instituted a vigorous search for the plates and press, which he suspected might be in the neighborhood.

In this also he was unsuccessful, for cunning Mr. Guyon had taken good care to get the entire plant to a place of safety for fear a raid should be made.

In fact, the printing had all been done in Cincinnati, only the finishing process being completed in the woods. But two days before the deal was made, the press, plates, ink and paper had been sent some hundreds of miles away from the suburbs of the Queen City.

Old man Driggs and Gerty were forthwith removed to Dayton jail, the old man depressed and silent, Gerty bitter as gall, and venomously cursing "McWilliams" and his tribe, even unto the third

and fourth generation. In fact she expressed her sorrow that the plot to murder him had miscarried, and said that this was what she most regretted in the whole affair.

When the prisoners were searched, nothing of importance was found on the old man; but Donello, knowing by experience where to look, succeeded in stripping \$300 in counterfeit money from Gerty's shapely limbs, around which the notes were as neatly wrapped as on the day on which she had trifled with "the Spaniard's" young affections.

Mary Brown did not go to New York after all, and her visit to Mrs. "Red" Leary is indefinitely postponed. On the evening of the capture, officer Hall called on her and gave her a pressing invitation to visit her friend McWilliams, *alias* Chief of United States Detectives John S. Bell.

Mary objected a little at first, but was finally induced to accompany the "kid," and she is now in doubt whether it will be five or six summers before she swings around the circle at Coney Island. Anyway, in a case like that, what particular difference does a year or so make?

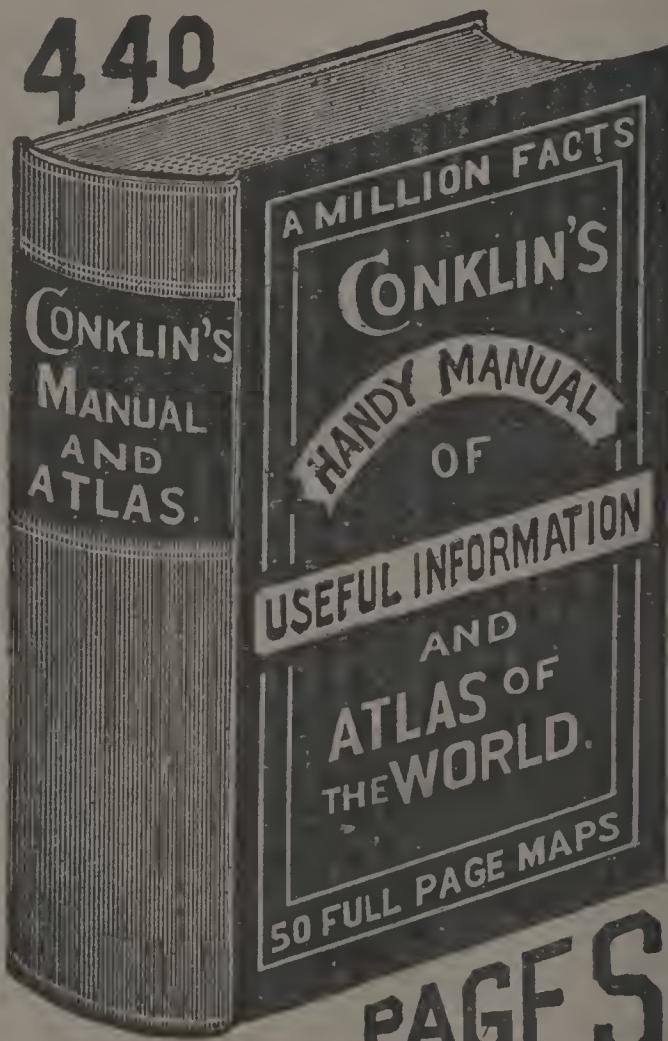
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